Eating

A REPORT BY SIDNEY KATZ

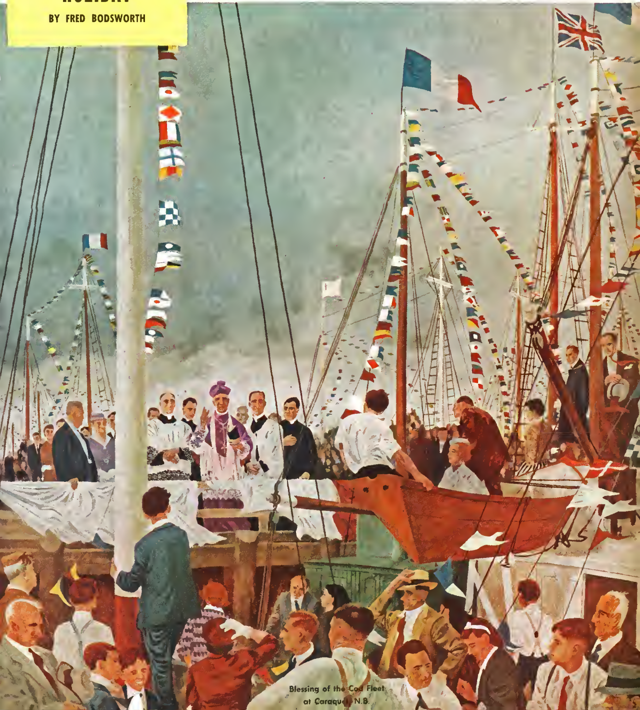
The best way to take a

HOLIDAY

BY FRED BODSWORTH

MACLEAN'S

JUNE 11 1955 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



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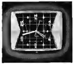

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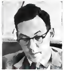
FATHER'S DAY - JUNE 19 *Remember Him with a Gift of Distinction*

MACLEAN'S
JUNE 11, 1955 VOLUME 68 NUMBER 12
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

FIRST PRIZE: $1,500
Ann Henry of Winnipeg tells a haunting story of circus life



SECOND PRIZE $1 000
Michael Sheldon of Montreal writes about a ghost writer

THIRD PRIZE $500
Mrs Doris French of Ottawa, finds a new plot in politics.

What is a Canadian short story?

AS WE announce here the winners of our latest Short Story Contest, we find it necessary to make a confession. After seven contests in which we've given away $13,000 in prizes we would still be hard put if asked to define what we mean by "a Canadian short story." The only definition we've ever been able to arrive at is a loose one: a Canadian short story is any story written by a resident of Canada. This is not terribly satisfactory for we have seen short stories written by Canadians that deal with New York advertising agencies, Hollywood movie sets and White Jungle Princesses. Are these really Canadian stories?

On the other hand there are a whole raft of stories so all fired Canadian they make us wince. There is the Small Boy Growing Up On The Prairies story, the Brave Farmer Battling The Frontier story, the Heroic Bush Pilot Saving The Pretty Girl story. Nothing is really wrong with these stories except that we've seen too many. We have often wished, a little wistfully, that we could get more stories that were truly Canadian but less self consciously so: a story about a traveling carnival in Manitoba, say, or a story spoofing the banks or a story about Canadian politics.

By more than sheer coincidence, perhaps, these are the subjects of the three winning short stories in Maclean's most recent fiction contest. Two of them, we're happy to report, are by writers new to this magazine.

The first prize winner is Ann Maude Henry, of Winnipeg. This will be her first published story. Mrs Henry, a Winnipeg Tribune drama editor, ran away to join a circus at sixteen and that is what happens to the heroine of her story. Perhaps that is what makes this haunting story so real. We would not say it is a Typical Canadian Short Story, but we would say it is an unforgettable one.

Michael Sheldon makes his fourth appearance in Maclean's with his second prize story about a ghost writer who was really a ghost. Once again he satirizes the conflict between the traditional dignity and high pressure promotion within the walls of the Bank of Lower Canada. As a ghost story, Mr Sheldon's work is quite untypical, as a Canadian short story it is quite unconventional. We hope to publish more unconventional Canadian short stories by Mr Sheldon.

Our third prize winning story deals with a subject we've always thought was ripe for fiction: Canadian politics. The author is, appropriately, an Ottawa housewife who divides her time between political party work and writing. She is Mrs Doris French and her work appears for the first time in Maclean's.

These three stories will be published shortly and will be followed by other stories which failed to win prizes in our contest but which we feel are well worth publishing. One deals with a Saskatchewan prairie town, another is set in a Maritimes fishing village. One takes place on the Toronto subway, another on the Mackenzie River. All are Canadian short stories though exactly what a Canadian short story is we still wouldn't profess to know.

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CONTENTS

Vol 68 JUNE 11 1955 No 12

Cover Painting by James Hill

Articles

A Report on Eating
OUR CHANGING EATING HABITS Sidney Katz 11
ARE WE EATING TOO MUCH? Sidney Katz 14
HOW LONG CAN THE EARTH KEEP US EATING? Norman J. Berrill 16
THE COURAGEOUS COMEBACK OF ALYS ROBI Ken Johnstone 20
OSMOND KENDALL'S MARVELOUS MUSIC MACHINE Alan Phillips 22
THE LAWYER WHO NEVER WINS A CASE Max Rosenfeld 24
THE GREAT HERRING MYSTERY Norman Creighton 26
THE WORLD'S FIRST DOG PSYCHIATRIST Dorothy Sangster 30
WE'RE OFF TO MARS. Parke Cummings 31
THE BEST WAY TO TAKE A HOLIDAY Fred Bodsworth 32

Fiction

NOT THIS AUGUST Conclusion. C. M. Kornbluth 28

Departments

LONDON LETTER Beverley Baxter 4
BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA. Blair Fraser 7
MAILBAG 8
MACLEAN'S MOVIES Rated by Clyde Gilmour 24
JASPER Cartoon by Simpkins 42
IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE 102
PARADE 111

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE
By — Don Langford (2), Capital Press (2), Wide World (4), Ken Bell (11 16 17 18 19), Paul Rockett (12 13 30), Basil Zarov (20 21), Walter Curtin (22 23 24 27 44), Peter Croydon (24 25 32 33), National Film Board (26), Atlantic Biological Station (27), Margaret Bodsworth (32), Fred Bodsworth (34), Bruno of Hollywood (46)

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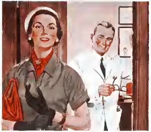

"No, it isn't CANCER..."

People are beginning to realize that there is much needless worry about cancer. Because of the advances of medical science, the spirit of hopelessness that once surrounded cancer has been replaced by rising optimism. This is based in part on the increased number of lives now being saved.

In certain types of the disease, the cure rates are striking. Records of the Canadian Cancer Society, for instance, show that skin cancer — when discovered early and treated promptly and properly — is curable in 95 percent of the cases.

What are the developments that hold great promise for the future? For one thing, there are the advances achieved in both diagnosis and treatment. Cancer of certain internal organs, for example, can now be detected by searching under the microscope for cancerous cells that have been cast off into body fluids. This yields clues to so-called "silent cancers" or those which have not caused noticeable symptoms. It is in this stage that the disease is often curable.

The great hope of cancer research today is that drugs will be found to cure both localized and widely spread cancer. Already there are chemicals which can slow down — and even stop for awhile — the growth of some types of cancer cells.

While the sweeping search of science goes on against cancer, everyone — especially those who are middle-aged and older — should take these two wise safeguards against this disease.

Cancer's Seven Warning Signals

1. Any sore that does not heal.
2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
4. Any change in a wart or mole.
5. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Persistent hoarseness or cough.
7. Any change in normal bowel habits.

1. Learn the seven danger signals listed here that give early warning of the possibility of cancer. Remember, however, that these signals are not sure signs of the disease.

2. Have periodic medical examinations. These are especially important because nearly 50 percent of all cancers occur in body sites that can be readily examined by the doctor. Should any condition be discovered that is either cancerous or suspected to be pre-cancerous, do not waste time trying methods of treatment not recommended by your physician. Only surgery and radiation offer hope of cure or control.

Cancer still ranks second to heart disease as a cause of death—but cancer is not hopeless. With today's weapons, medical science is saving many Canadian lives each year.

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LONDON LETTER

BY Beverley Baxter

Why the Germans don't want a new Army

"WE ARE flying to Germany," I said to my wife, who by this time is never surprised at anything.

"Good," she said. "I shall go to Berlitz and brush up my German. Then if you will tell me where we are going and why we are going and when we are coming back, I shall book the flights and hotels."

She is very efficient at that kind of thing. In fact her arrangements were so good that when we arrived in Berlin it might have been a normal visit to a normal city instead of a hunk of rubble divided into two sections with new buildings rising here and there from the rubble.

The visit was at the request of the Secretary of State for War. Ever since the defeat of Germany we had had an army of occupation there but by the Paris agreements Germany ceased on May 1 to be a defeated enemy and became instead the ally of the Western powers. If there is a cruel irony about it let us ask ourselves, What else could we do? There in the centre of Europe is Germany cut in two by the jagged knife of Russian diplomacy but still the potential master of Europe. The realistic cynic says that the Germans will smile first on the East then on the West but after a time they will frown first on the West and then on the East. In fact Germany will become the great cocotte of Europe, offering her favor or blackmailing her neighbors.

As we flew from London airport en route to the first stop at Hamburg I wondered how the Germany of today would compare with the Germany I saw in 1945 and later when I went to the trial of war criminals at Nuremberg. In 1945 I stood in Cologne and looked at the Rhine. Not a bridge was left. As for the city itself, it was impossible to believe that the rubble could ever be moved, much less that the once gracious city could be rebuilt. In Berlin at the close of the war we simply crawled our way through the chaos. Here and there were little shops that had survived and there were portions of jagged buildings standing against the sky line. Could even Germans rebuild the city in a mere ten years? The answer is "No."

It is true that in Berlin there are new hotels, new shops, new houses but one has only to turn a corner to find the gaping empty spaces or the scarred ruins remaining untouched except for the compromise of putting some kind of a façade on a hunk of rubble. But the Germans do not whine, especially the Germans of Berlin. There is a curious affinity between the Cockney and the Berliner. Both are natural humorists. Both are cheeky, both are indestructible.

West Berlin today is one of the liveliest places in Europe. Who else but a race of satirists would have a cinema theatre with a casino on the ground floor? If you do not like the film you can lose your money at the tables.

But what about the partition of Berlin into East and West, into Russian and allied sectors? Do not

Continued on page 96

Bax plays host at the House of Commons to a delegation of German MPs

Watch the Cheek-to-Cheek Test every week on the Jackie Gleason TV Show. See why more men use Schick Electric Shavers than any other make.

Borrow your girl's cheek to feel how close a Schick electric can shave

Cheek-to-Cheek Test proves there's no stubborn stubble left—even after your very first Schick Shave

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1. Cut out official entry blank below along dotted lines.
2. Carefully cut out the big "Sicle" ball from any three "POPSICLE", FUDGSICLE, CREAMSICLE or DREAMSICLE bags — or the blue diamonds from three FUDGE STICK bags.
3. Paste the three "Sicle" balls (or three blue diamonds) on the entry blank.
4. Match the ranch brands against the names of the ranches shown on the entry blank by writing the number of the ranch name in the corner of the box where you think it belongs. Example: we have put a 3 in the first box because Circle Z (#3) is the title for that brand.
5. In the empty space shown on the entry blank, draw the brand you would use if you owned a ranch.
6. Print the name of your ranch on the dotted line indicated on the blank. (Mom and Dad can help!)
7. Write your name, age and address in the spaces indicated on the blank. Your entry will be judged against other entries in your age group.
8. Paste the completed entry on a 4¢ postal card and mail to "POPSICLE" Contest, 100 Sterling Road, Toronto, Ont. Send in as many entries as you like. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight August 6th.
9. Entries to be judged by independent judging organization on basis of correctness and neatness. In case of ties, originality of "imaginary ranch brand" will be deciding factor. Decision of judges will be final.

BIG WEEKLY CONTESTS

Don't delay! Send in your entry right away. And remember you can enter as often as you like. Weekly contests begin Sunday morning and end the following Saturday at midnight. All entries will be judged in the weekly contests by postmark date.

LAST CONTEST CLOSES AUG. 6, 1955

3

1. Westward Look
2. Bar B R
3. Circle Z
4. Thunderhead
5. Bar S Rodo
6. Saddle and Surrey
7. Wild Horse
8. Sahuaro Vista
9. Diamond W

Now after you've matched the brands with the correct ranches, draw your own brand design in the box on the right. Name your imaginary ranch on the dotted line below.

My Imaginary Ranch Name ____

My Name ____ Age ____

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Street ____

City ____ Zone ____ Province ____

Brand of Ice Cream My Dealer Sells ____

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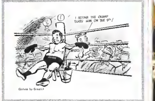
BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE
At Ottawa


I RECKON THE CHAMP TAKES HIM ON THE 9th!
OLIVER

Cartoon by Grassick

Even Ontario's Grits See A Tory Win

IN THE Ontario election this month, the Social Credit Party has taken an attitude which the Liberals secretly envy.

Social Crediters decided not to enter the Ontario election because, as one of their MPs remarked, they simply have no quarrel with Leslie Frost's Conservative Government on the provincial level. Their differences with the Conservatives are all about national policies. Provincially, they think Premier Frost is conducting affairs to most people's satisfaction and that there is no particular reason for turning him out. Therefore they don't propose to waste any time or money trying.

Liberals are gloomily aware that the Social Credit appraisal is correct. They have no hope or even any urgent desire to beat the Frost Government on June 9. But, unlike the Social Crediters, they will have to go through vigorous motions of indignation and hostility and spend a lot of money and effort they'd rather save.

As for the money, as one Ontario MP explained, they might as well put it up first as last, because "we know we'll have to pay the bills before the next federal election anyway."

The need for effort is more subtle. In the last Ontario election, when the provincial Liberals were led by Walter C. Thomson, federal Liberals were visibly relieved that Premier Frost won and left them unembarrassed by a Liberal leader they didn't want. This time they have to prove to friend and foe that even though they have little hope of victory for Farquhar Oliver, at least they wish him well and would not be disappointed if he won.

At the cabinet level, that's probably as far as the enthusiasm goes. Among Liberal backbenchers from Ontario, though, there is an additional reason for getting out and doing all they can for Oliver's forces. At the last federal election in 1953 a lot of Ontario MLAs turned out to help the federal Tories slay the Grits. Many succeeded, and many more came too close to it for the Liberal MPs' comfort. Vengeful Grits will now do their best to repay this favor in kind, and they hope to bring down quite a few victims in traditionally Liberal ridings.

But nobody in Ottawa in any party has the slightest doubt that the Frost Government will be returned. The real contest is for second place. Will the Liberals or the CCF be the official Opposition?

On this point at least the Liberals and the CCFers differ; each claims to be able to beat the other.

IN DONALD MACDONALD THE CCF has a new, able, vigorous leader. He's a navy veteran, an experienced public speaker, an absolutely tireless worker and (not least important) a good fellow. He has moved into the riding of South York which E. B. Jolliffe was able to win twice for the CCF in provincial elections and which Joseph Noseworthy holds federally as the only CCF seat in Ontario.

MacDonald has some stiff obstacles against him though, even in his own riding. William Beech, the Conservative who beat Jolliffe in 1951, is also a popular figure: district commander of the Canadian Legion, reeve of York Township for two years before he entered provincial politics and active in various worthy causes. *Continued on page 103*

OCCUPATION
Fashion Buyer
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HOBBY
Riding

Where does she bank?

One of the fashion buyers who has a savings account with us at The Canadian Bank of Commerce likes to go horseback riding on weekends. She permits herself a few luxuries now as a reward for a few years of selling over the counter—while she built up a re-assuring bank balance earning regular interest. It's a pleasure to see so many of the people we do business with, doing so well in their own careers.

If you're a regular depositor, chances are you have the other qualities that make for successful living. You will want to buy and furnish a home of your own, and when you do, it's good to know the people at any branch of The Canadian Bank of Commerce. They'll be glad to advise you on wise loan and mortgage planning.

THE CANADIAN
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"Wake me when they get to the Bluestone shirts"

Smart move, Sultan, to save your energy for the new Bluestone shirt line. Who wouldn't sit up and take notice of the fabulous new colours, the handsome styling and outstanding collection of fabrics—everything from fine quality Sanforized cottons to today's most modern fabrics. They're all guaranteed washable, all colour-fast. The "Scarboro", shown here, is a perfect example of Bluestone quality and outstanding good looks, combined with the unequalled fit and comfort you'll find in every Bluestone shirt.

P.S. You'll really sit up and take notice too when they bring on the Bluestone ties

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SHIRTS · TIES

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For the name of your nearest Bluestone dealer, write:
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FATHER'S DAY - JUNE 19 *Remember Him with a Gift of Distinction*

Mailbag

Should You Take Your Wife to Buy a Car?

Your article concerning the new cars (The Frantic Race to Sell New Cars, April 30) is much to the point. Reading the ads one wonders whether it is a fine set of furniture or a woman's wardrobe being described, instead of a car.

This has come about by we men taking women with us to buy a car instead of buying it ourselves. At one time we had to be shown what the new improvements were, whether they would be dependable and trouble free and the cost of repairs. Today that has gone.

When we men start to buy the cars again we can expect safer cars and many simple and inexpensive improvements. No one disputes the superiority of women in buying food and clothing, and furnishings for the home, but leave the car buying to the old man. It will cost a lot less in the end.—T. J. Williams, Toronto.

Businessman of the Year?

Howard Webster seems to be the business statesman of the year. Your account of The Unknown Man Who Bought The Globe and Mail (April 30) delighted me. Canadians hear much about foreign capital invested in Canada, but little about the great amounts of Canadian capital invested abroad.

Most of us have become familiar with the names of our political statesmen but not so familiar with our financial geniuses. Congratulations to Webster and his kind of statesman. They bring recognition and respect to Canada.—Harvey Tuure, Vancouver.

● You say Howard Webster is of Scottish extraction. I think the Webster family was from Leeds County and was Irish. Mr. Webster's family on his mother's side, the Taylors, were Anglo-Irish and Norman Irish extraction; his great-great-grandparents came from County Wexford in the South of Ireland about 1814. They took up land in Leeds County near the village of Lansdowne and raised twelve children, six boys and six girls. Senator George Taylor, whip on the Conservative side of the House, was his great-uncle.—Evelyn Purvis Earle, Gananoque, Ont.

● In these days of Yankee this and Yankee that, it is gratifying to read about the enterprising Websters, who are entirely Canadian.—J. W. Mackin, Edmonton.

Ailments You Can't Inherit

The article, Are We Breeding a Nation of Invalids? by Dunc McCubbin (April 2) contains a number of errors about genetics.

1. The idea that because diabetics can now have children the gene frequency will increase until there are very few people who do not carry some hidden genes for this affliction is false. Assuming that diabetes is recessively inherited (which is debatable) the increased fertility of diabetics would probably cause the gene frequency to increase somewhat and then come to a new equilibrium.

2. Bright's disease is not passed directly from parents to children; in fact there is little evidence of any hereditary influence.

3. There is also only a small familial tendency to harelip and cleft palate.

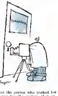
4. The statement that epilepsy is recessively inherited ignores the fact that there are many different types of epilepsy and there is still a great deal of argument whether any are inherited.

5. I do not know of any competent researcher who would say malformations of the heart are inherited.—F. Clarke Fraser, PhD, MD, Department of Genetics, McGill University, Montreal.

To Play the Game

Your article on Jackie MacDonald (She Wants to be the World's Strongest Woman ... But, April 16) was one of the best you have published. As a participant in the last two Olympics and father of three boys, I have felt that our publicity on sports has been focused too much on the professional side. Let's remember that "it counts not that you won or lost but how you played the game."—Bert Olderham, Toronto.

● You say that Jackie MacDonald was not permitted to compete in the discus throw at the British Empire Games because her amateur status was under question at the time and also that Jim Vipond, sports editor of the Toronto Globe and Mail, fumed about the high-handed action of the officials. ... If we assume that her explanation was the unvarnished truth, the real villain of the piece was the person who tricked her into posing for the picture that endangered her amateur status.—Charles C. Garrett, Cranberry Lake, B.C.

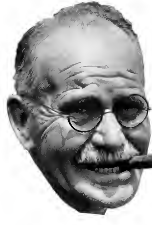


No Penalty for Paying Taxes

Parade of March 19 carries a story about a farmer from Willow Bunch, Sask., being asked to add exchange to a cheque in payment of income tax.

Section 124 of the Income Tax Act reads: "A chartered bank in Canada shall receive for deposit, without any charge for discount or commission, any cheque made payable to the Receiver General of Canada in payment of tax, interest or penalty imposed by this Act.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91



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Please send me a free copy of the booklet "How to Retire," also information on a Guaranteed Life Income Plan.

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What a big, wide, wonderful choice!

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offers you 15 all-new models in 4 beautiful series . . .
4 new engines, "Sixes" and V-8's . . .
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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Everybody's talking about it

Everybody's doing it

Everybody's trying to cut down on it

Here's A REPORT ON Eating

that will surprise most Canadians. This is the dramatic story of the changes in our eating habits in a single generation and the effect they've had on the whole nation

BY SIDNEY KATZ

THERE ARE few Canadians today who have not been caught up in what Louis Untermeyer, a contemporary poet, calls "the rapture and response of food." Last year, partly because of a revolution in our eating habits, we spent an unprecedented $2.2 billions on dishes that ranged all the way from Japanese smoked oysters to fast-frozen chicken chow mein (both readily available at the corner supermarket). Thanks to modern marketing methods, a *pizza* is no longer confused with a musical instrument nor a goulash with winter footwear. As a result we are now numbered among the heaviest eaters in the world: each of us consumes an average 3,020 calories a day, or almost twice the amount on which the average Hindu manages to exist.

Indeed, it is fairly safe to say that the most fascinating subject in the country today is neither sex nor politics, religion nor women's hats—but eating. A women's magazine recently made this discovery when it tested two different covers of an identical issue. Half the magazines appeared with a cover of a model in an exotic hat. The other half appeared with a cover showing an exotic cake. The cake won hands down, for the issues with this cover far outsold the other.

We have become almost mystical in our approach to eating. Baseball players are apt to explain their batting averages in terms of crunchy breakfast cereals and movie stars their slim hips in terms of patented grape juices. One of the minor deities of the mid century is a prosperous looking man named Gayelord Hauser who has succeeded in converting large numbers of people to austere dishes once held to be unpalatable: blackstrap molasses, brewers' yeast, wheat germ and yogurt. The man considered to be the continent's greatest salesman (by other salesmen) is a rotund Texan named Elmer Wheeler whose greatest claim to fame is his "Fat Boy" diet which has been avidly followed by the readers of 285 newspapers.

For we are as much concerned these days with *not* eating as we are with eating itself. "Calorie" has become as common a word as "vitamin" and metabolism is apt to be discussed whenever four plump businessmen break Vita Crisp together. Never before have people been so concerned about how much they eat, a fact that may derive from modern insurance tables which show that people who eat too much aren't a very good risk. The newspapers have discovered that diet articles are the greatest circulation builders since the Korean War, family doctors keep printed diet sheets on their desks for their patients, and three out of four supermarkets feature special "low calorie" foods.

There are diets for everyone today: diets that consist almost entirely of fat, diets that consist of *no* fat, diets that require the daily consumption of three filet mignons. Some are excellent, others can be dangerous as the article beginning on page twelve points out. But we are rapidly reaching the point where the man with no diet finds himself left out of the conversation.

Eating, indeed, has become a subject for everyone from psychiatrists to politicians. The psychiatrists have invented a new word, "psychodietetics," to cover a science that attempts to explain such things as gluttony, food allergies and lack of appetite. The politicians are more concerned with global eating. A companion article on page sixteen warns that the earth's soil is slowly being raped of its nutriment by the insatiable appetite of the human race.

Continued on next page

Eight more pages on what's happening to eating

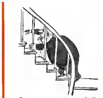
A Report on Eating
CONTINUED

DRAWINGS BY PETER WHALLEY

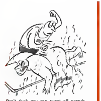
Are we Eating too much?

Two million Canadians are fat.

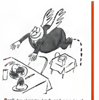
Because of it they pay more for insurance and clothes, they don't feel well and there's a good chance they'll die before their time. Here Sidney Katz tells what makes us fat and what we can do about it



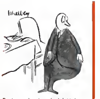
Don't count on exercise to cut weight. You lose one ounce climbing eighty stairs



Don't think you can sweat off pounds. You may feel better but you'll still be fat



Don't try skipping lunch and gorging at dinner. Eat sensibly at regular times



Don't go overboard on a freak diet to lose weight fast. Drastic diets are harmful

Here's how you shouldn't try to lose weight. Exercise, steam baths, skipping meals and freak diets are popular myths but don't work

"LAUGH and grow fat," poet John Taylor advised in the seventeenth century. Poet John Dryden, in the same century, was determined to "grow fat and look young till forty." Their contemporary, the artist Rubens, stirred male fancies with his paintings of pear-shaped women. ("Paint them plump," he told his students) and a hundred years later Sir Walter Scott coupled the words "fair" and "fat" in the phrase "fair, fat and forty." In the Gay Nineties "buxom" was still a synonym for beauty, and fat men were described as "portly"—a polite and respectful adjective. The respect inspired by girth showed up elsewhere in our language: a hero was a "stout fellow," a good citizen was a "solid" citizen, and a large salary was a "fat" salary.

This admiration for fatness was traditional. It grew out of the fact that mankind had always lived on the edge of starvation and that most humans were lean and scrawny. But at least in the Western world it was to be shattered in the first half of the twentieth century by a combination of forces. For one thing, the quantity and variety of food increased tremendously. Wages also increased, so more people had more money to buy more food. Simultaneously, working hours were shortened. Men who had more food to eat, and more time to eat it, burned less energy at their jobs. And in the home electrical devices eased the housewife's toil so that she too, while eating more, was working less. The automobile likewise entered the picture. Driving replaced walking.

In the United States and Canada, where the benefits of economic and social advances were more marked than in most countries, that faceless statistical composite—the average individual—reacted by putting on weight. This brought a change in physical concepts. The term "pleasingly plump," once mildly complimentary, became a jibe. Psychologists sprang up to debunk John Taylor and announce that worry, not laughter, caused fatness. John Dryden was challenged by beauty experts who declared that the thin, not the fat, looked young at forty. Rubens' heavy females lost their appeal; actresses, chorus girls and opera singers grew slimmer; the word buxom turned into an insult.

Thus was the stage set for the Age of the Diet. This didn't actually blossom until the medical profession and the life insurance companies, after the last war, united to drum a warning into the public mind. The warning—that a vast number of us are threatened with illness and premature death because we eat too much—is far from new, but in the last few years it has been reiterated so often and so resoundingly that it has finally registered. North America is today in the verbose midst of the Age of the Diet as truly as it is in the Age of the Atom. When people who have passed their twenties get together the conversation invariably veers around to calories and the respective merits of this diet and that.

Newspapers build circulation by offering dietary information. Items about weight rate front page space. Paul Martin, federal Minister of Health and Welfare, hit the nation's front pages when he reduced from two hundred pounds to one hundred and sixty pounds. So did the overweight firemen of Hamilton when they were given the option of reducing or being retired as medically unfit. So do campaigns like that which government health officials are carrying on to persuade women to rid themselves of the pounds they add during pregnancy.

Does the problem of overweight warrant all the attention it is receiving? What are its dimensions? Part of the answer comes from Dr. Harold Cranfield of Toronto, physical medicine consultant of the Department of Veterans' Affairs. He says flatly that two million Canadians are too fat. Other estimates run up to three million.

And part of the answer comes from life-insurance actuaries. Their tables prove that of one hundred fat men at age thirty only sixty will reach age sixty. Of one hundred lean men, eighty will reach age sixty. A man of fifty, in good health and not overweight, can expect to see seventy. If he's fat his chances are cut one third. Fat women also die younger than women who are not fat, although they live longer than fat men.

Because of the findings of their actuaries insurance companies raise premium rates twenty percent for a person thirty pounds overweight and refuse to issue policies to a person whose obesity is severe. And as a footnote to the findings of the actuaries, Dr. H. O. Beaudoin of the University of Montreal says that "the life of one out of every four North Americans is endangered by obesity," while Professor D. Lawrence Wilson of the Queen's University Medical School says that "fatness is the number one scourge of man on this continent."

Fatness in this Age of the Diet brings other penalties. Clinical studies and suicide statistics both indicate that the fat are more likely to be frustrated, depressed, nervous and disgruntled. They have to eat more food to ward off hunger, so their groceries cost them more. Their clothes cost more too, since they have to be made to measure. As though this were not enough, they are occasionally held up to ridicule. Dr. E. W. McHenry, a University of Toronto nutritionist, suggests they should pay extra streetcar fare because they take up more room, and a Dr. Hugh Sinclair of Oxford University argues that they should pay a special tax because they are more liable to illness than others covered by Britain's state health insurance plan.

But there are fat men—and women—who chuckle at their bony critics. They say that eating is one of the great pleasures of life and that what counts is not longevity but how much fun they have. They further say that nobody can provide absolute proof that they aren't destined to die young even if they diet themselves into shadows. They can't be flatly contradicted in this contention, although the balance of scientific evidence is against them.

Between the obese who accept their fate philosophically and the fortunate people who never gain weight, no matter what they eat, are those who don't want to be fat and whose appetite is in constant conflict with the bathroom scales. Most of them have been reasonably slender between the ages of twenty five and thirty and have added pounds between thirty and forty. They stand sideways to mirrors and suck in their stomachs to convince themselves they aren't growing old, just as their wizened hungry ancestors stood sideways to the mirror and puffed out their stomachs to convince themselves they were keeping their youth. If there is a thickening of the midriff they can no longer ignore they have a wide range of excuses—maturity, motherhood, the natural result of middle age, an inherited tendency toward obesity, a faulty metabolism, glandular trouble.

Humming Birds Eat All the Time

There is a modicum of truth in any or all of these ready excuses. Mature animals are heavier than young animals. Female animals are heavier after they have reproduced. Man, who breeds livestock more knowledgeably than he breeds himself, knows that some strains of cattle, hogs, sheep and poultry fatten more readily than others. The naturalist is aware that the humming bird's metabolism is so high geared that it has to eat twenty hours a day merely to stay alive while an elephant's metabolism is so low geared that it grows enormous by lunching casually on greens. And man, after all, is an animal.

But doctors and nutritionists, tempered by their professions, are unwilling to admit that man, the reasoning creature capable of controlling himself, is subject to the same influences as unreasoning creatures. For man they lay down a hard-and-fast law: if he eats thirty five hundred more calories than he needs he stores up a pound of fat, and if he eats thirty five hundred calories less than he needs he loses a pound of fat. This sounds a lot simpler than it is. The number of calories you need—and a calorie, as every schoolchild learns, is the amount of heat or energy required to raise the temperature of one pint of water eight degrees Fahrenheit—varies greatly.

It is influenced by your sex, height, weight, age, bone structure, glands, temperament, job and the kind of food you prefer. Some of us, like the elephant, grow fat eating relatively little, and others, like the humming bird, eat all the time and stay thin. But doctors and nutritionists maintain that each of us can determine approximately how many calories a day we should limit ourselves to and can stick to this quota whether it is large or small. They offer this advice:

1 Weigh yourself objectively. If you weigh more than you did between the ages of twenty five and thirty you are probably overweight. Maybe you don't believe this so measure your chest and waist. If the waist wins it is

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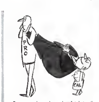
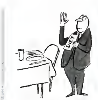
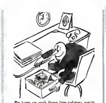
Here are the sane and safe ways to lose weight — by cutting down on fats and calories. But food needs are different for almost everyone



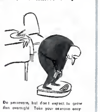
Do go on a low calories, low fat diet with enough bulk and proteins for your needs.



Do believe in your diet, but don't be a bore and always insist on talking about it.



Do keep up with three low calories meals a day, but snacks between meals are out



Do persevere, but don't expect to grow thin overnight. Take your exercise easy

A REPORT ON EATING continued

How long can the Earth keep us Eating?

Everyone needs forty tons of food in a lifetime, a man-sized job for Mother Earth . . . and every year there are millions more of us to feed. Yet we go on ravishing the soil. Right now, says this scientist, we're closer than we think to going hungry

By **NORMAN J. BERRILL**
PROFESSOR OF ZOOLOGY, McGILL UNIVERSITY

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL
MEATS BY CANADA PACKERS. FRUITS AND PRODUCE BY NATIONAL GROCERS. MILK BY BORDENS

WHEN YOU sit down to dinner tonight you may be startled to know there are about thirty five thousand more persons in the world than when you had your breakfast. We are loading the earth with humanity at an ever increasing rate and with a disregard for consequences that any stock raising farmer would consider shameful. We are on the verge of breeding ourselves out of house and home. Quite apart from this, we have been indulging for a long time in practices that endanger our future welfare, practices that have grown alarmingly as our industries and standards of living have grown. They all add up to the rape of the soil.

Nutritionally speaking, there is no fundamental difference between raising human beings and raising cows or sheep, except that over and above our basic need we humans have acquired some less essential but even more compulsive appetites. Yet we are as vulnerable as we ever were; we are no more free to multiply beyond the capacity of the earth to sustain us than sheep can breed indefinitely within a limited pasture. All those tons of chemically complex food that every individual consumes in the course of his existence come from the pastures of the land and sea, and there are limits to what can grow. These are our limits as a race too. We talk rather freely of scientific discoveries around the corner that will enable mankind to feed much more human stock than there is at present. To some degree at least this talk represents an effort to escape from an uncomfortable dilemma of our own making.

Until the industrial age came upon us the earth was able, for the most part, to reclaim her own. Dust unto dust was a saying that had obvious meaning. Now it is, generally speaking, a myth. When a person dies we embalm the remains and place them in a lead-lined coffin, withholding the good phosphorus and calcium of the bones from restoration to the soil and adding insult to the theft by robbing the earth of its lead just to make the deposit doubly secure. The principle is the same as putting all of the earth's gold in the underground caverns of Fort Knox. You get the feeling it is safe enough, but there is no doubt that something vital has been taken out of circulation. And in the long run phosphorus is much more vital and valuable than gold, for the supply is not unlimited. Moreover we consume it constantly, taking it from vegetation and flesh that have in turn taken it from the soil.

But our sewers are equally busy nowadays passing the phosphates and other mineral salts down to the rivers and thence to the sea. As long as we live we are flushing the life out of the soil and sending it to the sea, and on our death making our last desperate effort to cheat the land of what we were supposed only to borrow and return. There are strong reasons for behaving as we do, but even bad behavior has reason behind it, which doesn't eliminate the consequences.

Human beings are expensive. They are expensive to grow and expensive to keep, and somewhere along the line there is a limit to how many children Mother Earth can afford to raise. Unfortunately for her peace on earth, if not peace of mind, the children seem to have much more to say about how many they are going to be than does the old lady herself. At least that is the way it sounds, though in the end circumstances usually catch up with the most unruly family. A little planned parenthood in the long run might save us all a good deal of trouble.

If we lived closer to the soil than most of us do we would realize

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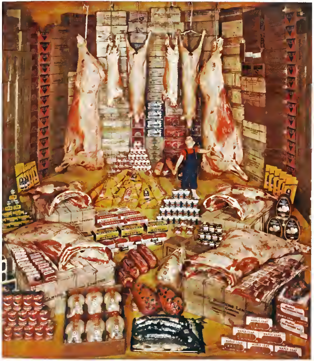


WHAT ONE CHILD WILL EAT

11,900 POUNDS OF MEAT, FISH, POULTRY IS ONLY PART OF WHAT THIS CHILD WILL EAT IF SHE LIVES 70 YEARS. SEE THE NEXT TWO PAGES ▶

How long can the Earth keep us Eating?

CONTINUED

better our ultimate dependence upon it, for we are as truly a crop produced by the land as is any field of corn or herd of cattle. Most people however live in fair-sized towns or large cities and no matter how busy they seem to be they do not appear to have any visible means of support. The chain connecting the food, clothing and warmth required by each individual with the true sources of supply has become so long and so tortuous that most of the time we forget it exists.

We work at this or that, take some pieces of grimy paper down to half a dozen stores, hand them over and walk out with the necessities of life. It is almost like magic. If we were given an acre of land and told to grow a child on it we would have a better appreciation of how we stand.

Whether you are a lissome 120 pounds or a staggering 240 or an average man or woman somewhere in between, it takes a lot to keep you going. Just to lie in bed with a sniffly cold, thinking about the work you should be doing, requires about 1,700 calories a day; if you should be up and around, doing your daily work and propelling your 120 to 170 pounds along while you do it, you require from 2,600 to

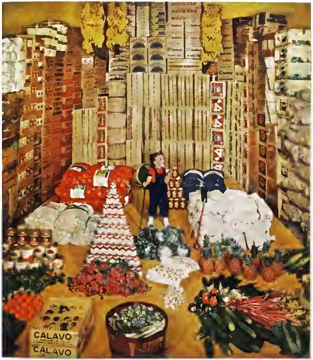
Continued on page 97

13,300 pounds of grain — bread, cake and cereals — and 9,100 pounds of potatoes.

THIS CHILD WILL EAT FORTY TONS IN HER LIFETIME. CAN THE EARTH MEET THE DEMAND?

17,500 quarts of milk; 25,200 eggs (100 hens would need a year to lay them).

4,550 pounds of fats, oils; 7,700 pounds of sugar; 1,400 pounds of tea and coffee.



33,600 pounds of vegetables, fruits, nuts and berries.
It all adds up to forty tons for one person. With the world population gaining 35,000 a day, can the larder stand it?

The Courageous Comeback of ALYS ROBI

At twenty-four the fiery Quebec chanteuse was the toast of café society. Then mental illness struck her down. Now, at thirty-two, she's back under the spotlight, stirring the memories of her countless admirers with Tico-Tico and captivating new devotees with

SINCERELY . . .

BY KEN JOHNSTONE

PHOTOS BY BASIL ZAROV

Sincerely—oh yes, sincerely . . .

'Cause I love you so dearly . . .

I'll do anything for you . . .

Please say you'll be mine . . .

© ABC M

With husband Dominic Ciamarra Alys works on a new song. Photo shows the Robi of a decade ago

When I learned that Alys Robi was singing in Montreal's elegant El Morocco Club this April I had no desire to go and hear her. The memory of the great Alys Robi of ten years ago was still too strong and I did not wish to spoil it. For Alys Robi had surely been one of the most talented singers of popular songs ever developed in this country. It was in 1945, just three years after she had come to country-wide public notice, that she won both the LaFleche Trophies awarded to the most popular female singer on the English CBC network and the most popular female singer on the French CBC network. One of her radio programs, Latin American Serenade, was carried through the United States as well over the Mutual network, and her dynamic night club and theatre appearances in Canadian and U.S. cities invariably meant packed houses and enthusiastic reviews.

At that time she had been a slim sinewy figure of a girl with a mop of black hair worn shoulder-length and a delivery that combined in voice and movement to convey an enormous sense of barely restrained passion, a fiery young tiger of a girl who scornfully rejected Jack Benny's well-meant reference to her as "Canada's own Carmen Miranda." She said: "I am Alys Robi. I am not like anyone else." And she was right.

Then in 1948 Alys Robi, at the height of her career, earning around three thousand dollars a week and after a triumphant tour that included London television and night club appearances, engagements in New York, Hollywood and Mexico City, with a movie contract in front of her, suddenly suffered a complete mental collapse and disappeared behind the grim grey walls of Quebec City's four-thousand-bed St. Michel Archange mental hospital.

For a while there was a great silence about Alys Robi. Her records were still played by the disk jockeys and her vibrant provocative voice could still be heard on records in L'amour, Tico-Tico and the more than forty other songs she had recorded for RCA Victor, but the personality that was Robi became a half-forgotten legend.

In 1950 there was a brief flurry of excitement among loyal Robi fans when news got out that she was making a comeback, but the excitement died quickly: her comeback ended in a fiasco. The orchestra had played one song, Robi sang another.

Again Alys Robi vanished into St. Michel Archange, and friends shook their heads sadly. There are so few really great Canadian artists and she had been one of them.

It was about eighteen months ago that Alys Robi again emerged from St. Michel Archange. This time she appeared in Montreal at an east-end night club, the Montmartre. Critics were kind to her but even her most fanatical followers admitted that it wasn't the same Robi: she seemed unsure of herself, she forgot her songs, she exchanged insults with the patrons, she stalked off the stage in the middle of a show. If you wanted to cherish a warm memory, it would be best to ignore this sad sick girl, exploited by hard-boiled night-club owners. I stayed away.

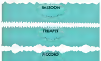
Then, in April, an enthusiastic review written by a Montreal critic, the Herald's Al Palmer, suggested that the facts might be different. But I went to the El Morocco

Continued on page 44

She was one of the first La Robi. With red hair instead of black, she's on the way up again.

This is how a composer-tron would look in your home. It may cost less than a piano.

Here's how you would sketch the sounds to make your own music



Kendall peers into another unit he made to imitate speech. It can talk any language.

Osmond Kendall's Marvelous Music Machine

He can't play a note, but with the magic of electrons this inventive Canadian composes piano concertos and turns doodles into the sounds of an eighty-piece orchestra. Someday, he thinks, no home will be complete without his composer-tron

BY ALAN PHILLIPS

PHOTOS BY WALTER CURTIN

Composer Lou Applebaum (right) and inventor Kendall plot sounds for the composer-tron. By varying symbols they can make the sound of a piano or a guitar

AS A small boy struggling through his piano lessons Osmond Kendall had a recurring wish-dream: he sat at the machine and the melodies he imagined came flooding magically from his fingers, by-passing the keyboard that took so much practice and dexterity.

Kendall never learned to play the piano. But today, at forty-six, he can sit at a machine and with his fingers produce a piano concerto. Kendall, an Ottawa electrical engineer, has invented a machine he calls a composer-tron. By the magic of electrons, more startling than any daydream, his music machine can by-pass not only the piano keyboard but every musical instrument in existence. Until it has had a more intensive and practical trial than Kendall's first experiments have given it, it will be too early to say for sure whether the composer-tron offers an exciting new kind of music or a mere new musical novelty, but of one thing there is no doubt whatever. The composer-tron and the sounds it produces are different.

Since the turn of the century engineers have been seeking a short cut whereby the composer, instead of drawing notes for musicians to translate, can draw the sound wave itself. The invention of talking pictures showed them what a sound wave looked like: a tiny squiggly pattern one tenth of an inch high on the edge of the sound track. By drawing new patterns they found they could make new sounds. But to draw one quarter note they had to control the size, shape and position of four hundred to twelve hundred squiggles so small they had to work through a microscope.

These squiggles are to the sound wave as the ripples on the crest of an ocean wave are to the whole wave. Kendall's most illuminating discovery is that it's not necessary to draw all of this complex sound wave. The brain "hears" only a small part of it, less than one percent. Kendall has found a method of drawing this small part the brain hears by a single wavy line.

Once a composer learns to read and draw this shape as he now reads and draws notes on paper he can sit down at Kendall's machine and draw a zither solo or an eighty-piece symphony. He can conjure up a clarinet tone. He can wonder how a French horn would sound if struck on a harp—and listen to it.

A working model of the composer-tron has been half completed by the Canadian Marconi Company of Montreal. To test it, they called in the Toronto composer, Lou Applebaum, who has made a reputation in Hollywood with the music for such films as The Story of G. I. Joe and Tomorrow the World.

Applebaum sat down in front of a desk-sized machine with a panel full of controls within easy reach. He pushed a button and fed in the pitch he wanted. This is manufactured by an oscillator, a standard device for generating any electrical frequency or pitch.

He turned a dial to several settings and enriched the pitch with additional frequencies from a harmonics generator. In this way he could give his fundamental pitch the harmonics of a piano or a trumpet. He could build the tone of any instrument, real or imagined. This was his raw material: a sound wave. He pressed a key and looked at it on a seven-inch TV screen. It shimmered and glowed in a pattern resembling an ordinary television screen just before the picture comes on.

Now he had to shape it. With a grease crayon Applebaum drew a simple line—a trumpet note—on the glass face of the TV screen and watched the sound wave above his crayon mark disappear. He was actually sculpturing away that part of the sound wave he didn't need, much as a sculptor shapes a crude block of clay. Now Applebaum swung a cover down over the TV screen. An electric eye scanned his pattern and instantly recorded it. He pressed a button and listened to it. He erased a bit with his thumb and re-drew it. Then he marked a strip of film called a cue sheet. He was marking the places where he wanted that note to occur in the composition. A push-button recorded them all and the rhythm was built in.

The composer threw a switch and started shaping another note, using the tone he had already built. His end product, recorded automatically, was a simple melody on magnetic tape. It could as easily have been on a disk or a film track, whichever the machine is designed for.

All this may take the composer three or four times as long as it takes him now to write the score on paper. But in the mechanical sense he is doing everything now done by an arranger, a conductor, eighty or ninety musicians, sound men, acoustics engineers and recording experts. Applebaum calls it "the most exciting development in music in a generation," and adds, "It will offer an infinitely wider range of recorded music."

The composer today writes for instruments with physical limitations. A trombone can't move quickly up and down the scale. A clarinet can't trill some notes, the fingering is too awkward.

The composer-tron has no such limitations. For the first time the composer can control separately the four elements of music—pitch and harmonic structure, the mechanical elements, and rhythm and touch, the creative elements. He can thus make a trombone sound skitter up the scale as nimbly as a trumpet. He can make the music move at incredible speed. Intervals too difficult for the musicians' hands and lips are easy for the hand of the composer. He can take a violin down to the range of a bass viol. He doesn't have to worry that a bass note will crack, that the treble will sound strained.

What's more, Kendall says, you don't have to be a musician to use the composer-tron. With a little practice, no more than it takes to master a do-it-yourself carpentry kit, any musical duffer could surprise his friends with an original recording of a new jazz combo or celebrate his wife's birthday with a tone poem. Kendall visualizes a home machine as common as a piano and perhaps a little less expensive. The exact price would depend on the size of the market.

The resulting compositions would be very unlikely to throw any musicians out of work. The machine can make no better music than the musical sensibilities of the person using it. Also, as Kendall freely admits, part of what most people know best and love most about music is what, in the mechanical sense, are its "imperfections." Most musical sounds contain "wolf tones," the click of valves, the scratch of bows, the thud of piano felts hitting strings—and other warm intimations that a human being is creating something fresh and immediate out of his human genius and his human limitations. But Kendall declares his machine has something to offer at all levels of musical understanding; even the musical duffer, by trying to build his own music, may become more appreciative of fine musicianship.

Kendall has designed a second version of the composer-tron, a speech machine, also built by Marconi and now in the National Film Board's Ottawa studios. It works on the same principle as the music machine. But because the human voice is so much more complex than any musical instrument, it isn't practical to manufacture a voice. Instead, natural voices are fed into the machine, which breaks them down into their four elements and reassembles these elements in any desired combination.

A film maker, for example, could record the voice of Canadian actor Lorne Greene. He could cut off Greene's diction, corresponding to a musician's touch, leaving the deep chest tones, or harmonic structure. He could then record James Mason, cut off his diction, and graft it onto Greene's chest tones. Greene would then talk with a clipped English accent, though he'd still sound like Greene.

In the same way, Mason's diction could be added to a violin's harmonic structure. Instead of playing, the instrument will "talk." The animation artist can draw on a Pandora's box of sound to match his imaginary world of pictures. Bass horns and trumpets can trade wisecracks. Animals can talk English or French.

Continued on page 52

In a Toronto courtroom crown prosecutor Henry Bull consults with Col. J. Conover, Sheriff of York County.

The Lawyer who never wins a Case

BY MAX ROSENFELD

PHOTOS BY PETER CROYDON

If you're a fan of Perry Mason—or even Mike Hammer—you won't recognize Henry Bull QC. As crown prosecutor he insists he's on nobody's side, sometimes gives advice to men he's prosecuting and says a conviction means no more to him than an acquittal

LAST YEAR when the National Film Board was shooting a movie called Problem Clinic which told about free legal aid in York County, Ont., the big court scene actually took place in a Toronto City Hall courtroom. And the actors were the real court officials in the roles they play every day.

The prosecutor was Henry Bull QC, a calm-looking man in his middle forties with graying brown hair and a clipped mustache who looks like almost anyone except the crime-novel portrait of a brash and combative prosecuting attorney. Yet few lawyers in fiction or real life are busier than Bull. Besides thousands of minor cases in which he participates, he has at least fifty jury trials a year, many of them lasting several days. In his career he has prosecuted seven murder cases.

As the Film Board cameras rolled to tell the story of Problem Clinic, Bull was cross-examining a professional actor impersonating an accused man. He did it in his usual quiet patient polite manner. Suddenly the director shouted, "Cut!" and motioned to Bull.

"Come on, Mr. Prosecutor," he said urgently, "let's start *prosecuting*. You'll never get a conviction that way."

If the director was looking for action from Bull, he got it, although not for use in the film.

"I'm not a gangbuster," the prosecutor replied heatedly. "Remember, this is a Canadian court." Then, patiently, he explained to the startled Film Board crew that it wasn't his job to send a man to jail, but to offer all the evidence, whether it was against the accused or for him.

"The crown never wins," he said, "and the crown never loses."

Canada's two hundred and nine crown prosecutors including Bull don't have to impress anyone with a long string of convictions. Their jobs don't depend on the results of election, nor are they stepping stones to high political office. In Canada the crown prosecutors are appointed by the attorneys general in each province to represent the crown in court. This is in contrast with the judicial system in the United States where prosecuting attorneys—like Thomas Dewey and William O'Dwyer—are elected and often become widely known political figures after sensational courtroom careers.

In a recent report on a trial a U. S. picture magazine pointed to "the prosecution table, at which are seated J. Raymond Carskadon and Charles E. Raymond, who have prosecuted twenty-eight alleged murderers and seen all but one convicted." In the case of Bull and his nine colleagues in York County, not even the Attorney General's Office bothers to keep track of their convictions. As Henry Bull puts it, the truth is more important than winning or losing.

He's Clever at Catching a Phony

Bull has a courtroom manner to go with his precise understanding of his job. He's not a showman; rather he's alert and persistent, always ferreting for facts, trying to get at the truth. After long practice he's developed a rare ability at detecting a lie or a phony. He's also become a canny judge of character, a talent he demonstrates every time he selects a jury. He has no formula for this beyond insisting that the jurors be honest and intelligent. And the more grave the offense, the more intelligent he wants the jurors.

In a recent case of robbery with violence, which carries a sentence of five years, Bull took particular pains in picking the jury. "That's a long time to send a man to jail," he said. There were forty jurors. They stepped forward in turn as the clerk of the court announced in his flat monotone, "Prisoner, look at the juror. Juror, look at the prisoner." Bull looked at their names and occupations on the list the court had provided.

A stooped grey-haired man in his fifties stepped up; he was a barber. "Content," said Bull. Later he explained, "He works hard for his money. He's steady and interested in his community. He'll be deadly serious about the case." When a young deep-chested good-looking man stepped forward Bull said tersely, "Stand aside." From police records he had learned the man was once convicted of theft. The defense attorney had accepted a middle-aged businessman, but Bull told him to stand aside. The man looked disappointed.

"That man has a sore back," Bull said later. "You could see it from the way he walked. He'd have to sit all day in court on a hard chair. The pain would distract him. That's not fair to the case."

In presenting his case Bull almost never shows any emotion, and he usually tells the jury, as he did in the robbery case, "Keep emotion out of your deliberations and deal with the facts as though they were mathematics. There is no room for the heart to work; it must be the head."

He is sometimes stirred to anger, however, if a witness or an accused fails to show proper respect for the court or appreciation of the gravity of a crime. Recently in Toronto Magistrate's Court, a young man in flashy clothes, smirking at some friends at the back of the courtroom, stood in the witness box and tried to answer Bull's questions with wisecracks.

"Stand up straight," Bull barked at him. "Don't slouch in that box. And when you answer me, answer clearly." The

Continued on page 79

The prosecutor walks alone from court through Toronto's City Hall after pleading a case. The accused was acquitted but to Henry Bull, the crown never loses.

BY NORMAN CREIGHTON

For a few hectic weeks the herring run in their countless millions. Then they vanish. Why? Where? If their deep-sea grounds could be found it should add millions to Maritimes incomes. Here's how a group of determined scientists set out to solve

As Capt. L. J. Lowe takes the Harengus out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Noel Tibbo (left) searches for herring on a sea scanner and ship's mate S. Lebevre checks the echo sounder.

The great herring mystery

This is what the Maritimes herring men would like to see. On the Pacific coast, purse seining is possible and highly profitable in sheltered deep waters.

AMONG the crews bringing a blacked-out convoy warily toward Halifax in the summer of 1943 were those loneliest among our allies—Norwegians who had escaped to England and now were fighting the battle of the convoys without a port of their own to come home to. On a moonless night near the Canadian coast they saw a nostalgic sight: all around the ships the sea glowed with a ghastly radiance. On a dozen ships Norwegians leaned over the rails, read the message of the phosphorescence and called softly to each other: "Herring!"

When they reached Halifax some of the Norwegians asked to be directed to the docks where the deep-water Canadian herring trawlers moored. There, they felt, they would find men of their own kind. Well they remembered the good fellowship that abounded at the wharves of Floro and Aalesund where the deep-sea herring boats tied up deck-to-deck for a mile and more.

It was some time before officials and interpreters could convince the Norwegians that Halifax had no fleet of herring trawlers. That, in fact, on all its long eastern coastline Canada had no offshore herring fishing industry whatever.

When they finally understood, the Norwegians shrugged and ascribed this apparent indifference to wealth to Canadian eccentricity. That was somewhat astray of the truth. It was not the Canadian fishermen who were eccentric—it was the Canadian herring. There is probably no more plentiful living creature in the Canadian sphere. And no more elusive. For instance:

A ship fitted with an echo sounder was nosing about off the coast of Newfoundland on a herring-hunting mission for a United States fishing company. It wasn't trying to catch fish, just to chart the presence and extent of herring schools. In Newfoundland's Bay of Islands the ship's echo sounder registered a heavy concentration of fish down below. On and on steamed the vessel and the sounder sent back the same clear message: "Herring, herring, herring." The school continued *for eighteen miles*. When it finally thinned out, the skipper ordered turnabout to double-check this remarkable concentration of fish.

On the return trip the sounder encountered nothing between the keel and the ocean bottom but thin salt water. Incredulous, the captain set a zigzag course at top speed, sweeping the miles of sea that minutes before had been thick with herring. Not a single "blip." Millions of fish had vanished without trace.

Dr. Erik Poulsen, secretary of the International Commission for the Northwest Atlantic Fisheries, declares: "The herring is the most baffling fish we have. For every mystery in the herring's life we solve two new mysteries appear."

The major mystery of the herring—where the adult fish go after spawning—has been under systematic scientific attack for some years now. Kingpin of the search is Dr. A. H. Leim, senior scientist at the Atlantic Biological Station, St. Andrews, N.B. In sea boots and sou'wester Leim spends much of his time in a plunging Cape Island motorboat in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Other scientists are tangling with such problems as the nourishment value of various samples of sea water or the relative number of bones in a herring's spine.

What these men have learned so far about the undersea migration of herring may place Canada on the verge of a new year-round industry when still-missing pieces of the jigsaw puzzle fall into place.

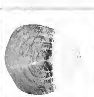
Already the findings of the scientists are being followed up commercially by one company. Fishermen from England's famed herring ports of Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft are in the Gulf of St. Lawrence manning the boats of a new Canadian company, Mercury Fisheries Ltd. This trail-blazing venture is headed by Paul Stockhamer, of Great Yarmouth, who controls several British fishing companies. The Nova Scotia Government has loaned him $367,160 to help buy five North Sea herring drifters.

"None of the Nova Scotia fishing companies consulted wanted to tackle it," says John Bigelow, Nova Scotia's Deputy Minister of Trade and Industry. "It's a completely new field. The techniques are highly specialized. These Great Yarmouth men have centuries of experience behind them, both in fishing and processing. But more important, they have the market connections. Most of the fish will go to Europe."

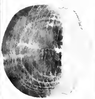
So far, Canadian fishermen have adopted a wait-and-see attitude toward offshore herring, on the grounds that it is an expensive business and success depends on many unknown factors. For instance, is there any chance that Canadians will eat more herring—enough to provide a profitable market in addition to the export demand? There's some sign that arrival in Canada of large numbers of Europeans since World War II has stimulated the demand for herring products. In such districts as the Bloor-Bathurst area of Toronto ordinary grocery stores now carry imported herring packed in wine and other gourmet varieties. But Canadian fishing interests maintain that "someone will have to do for herring what fish sticks are doing for the white fish varieties" before a substantial national market for uncanned herring develops.

There is no doubt that there are vast quantities of herring in Canadian waters. And one of the paradoxes of the herring mystery is that Canada already reaps a huge harvest of the fish—but only during the hectic six weeks each year when the herring in its countless

Continued on page 38


By counting the rings on a herring scale you can tell the age of a fish. This one was six.

Elderly herring (below) was twelve. Scales are sold separately to make pearl essence.

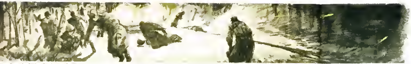


Dr. A. H. Leim (r.) with his Herring Squad. From left: Dr. L. Lauzier, Dr. L. R. Day, S. Noel Tibbo.

SCIENCE AND BRAINS COMBINE TO TRACK DOWN THE ELUSIVE ATLANTIC HERRING

The Atlantic Biological Station at St. Andrews, N.B., is home port for the Harengus. Her crew totals nine.

Electronic devices developed for sea warfare help the search. Radio-telephone supplies shore contact.



From the bushes by the roadblock Justin and his squad sniped at the convoy The .22 got a captain

BY C. M. KORNBLUTH

ILLUSTRATED BY DON ANDERSON

NOT THIS AUGUST

At zero hour Betsy threw the firebombs that set the country ablaze. Could the motley handful of Resistance fighters hold the Russians until the vital rocket ship took command of the skies?

"CHRISTMAS EVE," Billy Justin said as he handed a penny to Croley the turncoat storekeeper of Norton N Y Though he didn't know what it meant Croley figured the password was a sign for him to change sides again and latch onto the Underground movement This was the first stage of the rebellion against the Communist troops who had occupied North America for the seven months since the capitulation of the United States, the last Western nation to hold out against the combined forces of Russia and Red China

It was November 1965 Justin thirty seven-year-old commercial artist turned dairy farmer, was the reluctant trigger man for the Chiunga County resistance group led by legless General Hollenth, Betsy Cardew and Gribble the ex Pentagon scientist. It was Justin who had undertaken the perilous journey to Washington, masking his mission by posing as the disciple of the eccentric preacher Mr Sparhawk Even Russian torture hadn't forced Justin to reveal the secret he was carrying to national Resistance leaders—the fact that the West's last weapon, a bombardment satellite that could launch itself into outer space and lay siege to enemy capitals lay hidden in an Underground factory under Prospect Hill

Back in Chiunga County Justin began the dangerous business of rounding up guerrilla troops for a Christmas Eve uprising He chose as his first recruit loyal taciturn Gus Feinblatt the Jewish farmer whom the MVD already suspected of disloyalty to the North American People's Democratic Republic "

"Turn up the road to Prospect Hill, Gus," Justin said. "There's something I want to show you. And something I want to ask you "

The horribly risky job of local recruiting had begun

THREE

NOVEMBER 18TH — The farmer lay trembling with cold on the concrete basement floor of the Chiunga Junior High cellar

"To your feet please" the bored lieutenant said The farmer tried to get up but his knees betrayed him. He collapsed again and whispered from the floor "I told you I don't know what you're talking about mister I told you I just got in the habit because everybody was doing it and I didn't mean anything "

"To your feet please," said the lieutenant. "Now sit on the stool again " He took a deep breath and roared in the exhausted man's face "Do you think I'm a child to be taken in by fairy stories? The prisoner is lying! The prisoner knows very well that the greeting 'Christmas Eve' with the passing of a coin is a symbol of defiance!" He turned down the dazzling light that reddened the farmer's eyes and equally turned down his voice to a murmur "You see Mr Firstman we know the truth Why are you keeping us awake with this stubbornness? You could be in bed now if you'd just said an hour ago that it's merely a token of resistance a sort of game merely What do you say Mr Firstman will you be a sport and let us all get some sleep?"

"All right," the farmer screamed "All right I guess maybe it was I guess we got a kick out of it it was like a password something you Reds didn't know anything about Call it anything you want to!"

This took the light down another notch The lieutenant offered him a cigarette and a light and cooed "Please Mr Firstman what we want is not the point We hope you'll help because whoever planted this dangerous seed wishes you and your friends no good You're in trouble now in a way, but it's not your fault the blame lies with whoever began this silly business. We only want you to help us find him, and certainly you don't owe him any friendship the way he's landed you here "

Firstman swayed on the stool after two deep drags at his cigarette. "I don't know who started it" he said stubbornly "Like I said everybody started to say it and pass pennies around but that's all I—"

The lieutenant plucked the cigarette from his lips and snarled "There is no need to lie to us prisoner" And again the light blazed into his red rimmed eyes

Two hours later he signed the confession and tumbled into his cot snoring

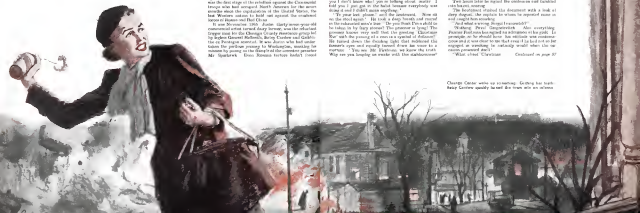
The lieutenant studied the document with a look of deep disgust the captain to whom he reported came in and caught him scowling

"And what's wrong Sergei Ivanovitch?"

"Nothing Pavel Gregorievitch Also everything Farmer Firstman has signed an admission of his guilt In principle so he should have his attitude was contumacious and it was clear to me that even if he had not so far engaged in wrecking he certainly would when the occasion presented itself "

"What about Christmas

Continued on page 57



Chiunga Center woke up screaming Gritting her teeth Betsy Cardew quickly turned the town into an inferno

BY DOROTHY SANGSTER

PHOTO BY PAUL ROCKETT

Some people drive a dog nuts.
He gets to be
such a bundle of nerves
and neuroses that he won't
eat, can't sleep
and his manners are
simply dreadful. That's why
Alva McColl became

President of the Canadian Kennel Club, Mrs. McColl pioneered in obedience training and nose-printing

The World's First Dog Psychiatrist

IT'S A safe bet that no person in Canada has been more closely identified with dogs so long or understands them so well as a wiry extroverted little woman of fifty-three named Alva McColl, who is president of the Canadian Kennel Club.

Back in 1924 Robert McColl, a Scot from Alva Glen, bought his wife her first pet, a German shepherd named Pat who is now buried beside him in West Hill Cemetery just outside Toronto. Since then, Alva McColl has bred dogs, boarded dogs, groomed and conditioned dogs and owned half a dozen breeds herself. As many as a hundred dogs at one time have inhabited her back-yard kennels, a barking bedlam that soured her three children on dogs for life. She has appeared in the ring as professional handler and judge at hundreds of dog shows in Canada and in the United States. Doggy affairs have more than once intruded upon her private life. The day her son was married she was off to Buffalo judging a dog show and when her grandson was born she was so busy editing Dogs in Canada that she didn't get around to seeing him for five weeks—and even then his parents had to bring him to her office.

Dog fanciers know Alva McColl as the woman who helped to perfect nose-printing as a means of canine identification, who trained dogs as companions for battle-fatigued veterans, and as the first woman ever to head a national kennel club.

But it's in her favorite role of dog psychiatrist that most people think of her.

There's something about the idea of a dog psychiatrist that strikes the average person as screamingly funny. Alva, who peppers her speech with psychiatric references like "poor environmental influence," "overaggressive tendencies," "inferiority complex" and "phobic fears," can't see why. She believes that domestic dogs, like people, live unnatural lives that conflict with basic instincts. Just as human beings become neurotic through anxiety, frustration and shock, so do dogs. There are as many forms of neurosis in dogs as there are in people, she maintains, so why shouldn't there be dog psychiatrists?

Most canine neuroses, according to Mrs. McColl, are traceable to human behavior. She says, "A dog is the most suffering animal on earth. It is bought by people who want to get rid of inhibitions, frustrations, inferiority complexes and so on. I feel more sorry for dogs than for anything else on earth."

She says she has seen nervous owners make nervous dogs, antisocial owners make antisocial dogs, and sexually inhibited owners refuse to let their dogs lead a normal life. She has seen litters of fine kennel dogs ruined psychologically by force-feeding, and watched amiable household pets become hopelessly deranged by over-training.

She recalls being summoned to the home of a gentle little spinster and ushered upstairs to a shaded bedroom where, stretched out on a lacy bedspread, was the most miserable Irish setter she ever saw. His nails were painted green and he wore a green ribbon around his neck. In a whisper, so as not to awaken him, his mistress confided that after he finished his nap she usually put him on a leash and walked him twice around the block. But he had been listless.

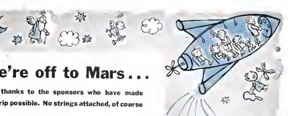
Horrified, Mrs. McColl advised her to send the dog to the country where he could romp and play. This was done, and he became a healthy dog. "As for naps and decorous little walks, 'You can get away with those things with a toy dog, a Peke or a Maltese maybe, but never with a big freedom-loving animal like an Irish setter,'" she told the lonesome spinster.

On another occasion a man telephoned her to come over and see his "sick lion." Mrs. McColl went and found a cowering chow clipped naked all over except for a ruff around his neck and a tuft on his tail. One look was enough. "That dog isn't sick," she told its owner. "He's just ashamed." She advised him to try out his decorating on something inanimate, and leave dogs alone.

Alva believes that originally instinct governed a dog's reasoning processes, but that as the years went by people began to impose a human sense on dogs—something that sets up a conflict and often causes a mental breakdown. Cut off from self-expression, a dog will brood and become sulky, or will find someone or something on which to lavish his affections.

She remembers a couple with a cocker spaniel that wouldn't allow anyone to come near its mistress. The dog lived with the couple and their children in a small apartment, where it was scolded if it barked and where it had no freedom except a short outing morning and night. Alva noticed that during the recital of its behavior the dog stayed close to the woman, hugging her skirts and snarling at her husband if he moved too close. She also noticed that every time the dog growled the woman patted it surreptitiously.

Alva asked the wife if she would leave the room. Then she talked to the *Continued on page 75*



We're off to Mars . . .

With thanks to the sponsors who have made this trip possible. No strings attached, of course

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE FEYER

WELL, my expedition will be taking off for Mars pretty soon now, and we look forward to an eventful and pleasant trip. But the purpose of this message is not to make any boastful predictions but rather to thank the various organizations and individuals who are making this voyage a possibility. This is the age not only of scientific discoveries but also of sponsors, and if it weren't for the latter I could never have made the attempt.

First of all, my thanks to the Eureeka Space Suit Supply Company which has kindly contributed, *gratis*, its latest model space suits for me and our entire crew. We have selected a lightweight number in maroon, and are only too happy to emblazon EUREEKA, in gilt letters, on the back of each. And just to keep the record straight, Eureeka didn't insist on this. There were no strings attached to their offer. The footgear of these suits, extending to the hips, are air and heat proof and are also said to be highly moisture resistant—an advantage if we should find good trout fishing where we land.

Harrigan's Ale will be our official beverage on this trip. This will be the first ale concentrate—you add five parts of water to one of concentrate—in the history of brewing, and we intend to give a detailed report to the Harrigan Company on how it works out, including flavor and the amount of collar it produces under various gravitational and atmospheric conditions or lack of same. (There is one school of thought that holds that under certain gravitational conditions the collar might form on the bottom instead of on the top of the glass. We intend to find out.)

We shall be equally thorough in our report to the Sure Write Pen Company whose pens will be the official ones for keeping the log on this trip. Sure Write claims not only that its pen will write upside down but that it will function when the person writing with it is in a similar position—not an unlikely situation when you read about all those crazy positions a fellow is apt to find himself in when he gets to outer space. At any rate, after ten or twenty million miles we ought to know.

Our original plan had been to go without shaving and let our beards run rampant on this voyage, but it has changed thanks to the generous offers of Trim Razors and Sleek Shaving Cream, which companies have given us full supplies of razors, blades and shaving cream. They pointed out that being clean-shaven might bolster our morale, and furthermore that on a trip of this length we'll have plenty of time to shave. Moreover they claimed we'd make a better impression on the inhabitants of Mars, if any. To Trim and Sleek we make the same promise as to all our other sponsors—a full carefully documented report on exactly what develops.

Every man jack of us will have a brand new wrist watch—a Tru-Time—due to the makers' generosity, and these will keep time not only in seconds and minutes but in fractions of light years—just the thing for a trip of this nature. When we get back to Earth it will be interesting to see how accurate they've been on the trip. The company is willing to bet that none of them will be more than a minute off, and, for its own sake, we hope it's right.

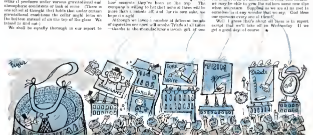
Although we favor a number of different brands of cigarettes our crew will smoke Triads at all times—thanks to the manufacturer's lavish gift of one thousand cartons which should be plenty to keep us in smokes. They say that if we can get a Martian to smoke and endorse them, they'll give us a bonus of fifty thousand dollars, which isn't to be sneezed at. Neither, for that matter, is the offer of two hundred thousand dollars from Grandly Brothers' circus if we bring a Martian back alive. But of course that's all pretty speculative.

A great many companies offered us free radios and television sets but we declined on the ground that we'd be out of the reception area too soon. (Of course we'll feel like fools if we find radio and TV on Mars, but in this game you have to take calculated risks.)

Accordingly we settled for a tape recorder, the Fidelio, and we intend to make up our own programs as we go along. As a matter of fact we have some pretty fair talent among us. One crew member is a guitar player, there is a whispering baritone and an accordionist, so we should do all right. Besides, I can do pretty fair imitations of Jimmy Durante and Winston Churchill.

One of the most gratifying phenomena we have encountered has been the thoughtfulness of a number of magazine and book publishers who have supplied us with volumes and volumes of material, practically all of it space fiction, to keep us from getting bored on this long journey. That's the kind of stuff we fellows like to read, and besides we may be able to give the authors some new tips when we return. Supplied as we are at no cost to ourselves, is it any wonder that we say, "God bless our sponsors every one of them!"

Well, I guess that's about all there is to report except that we'll take off on Wednesday. If we get a good day, of course. ★



FRED BODSWORTH SAYS THIS IS

The best way to take a holiday

This family of five find that their car-camping holiday costs less than staying home — $2.08 a day each — and they all have the time of their lives. More and more people are joining the fun — but before you start read this advice

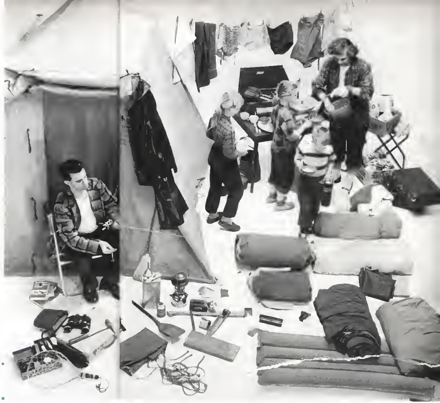
I AM TOLD that financing the annual vacation is as big a problem to most family budgets as income tax. I wouldn't know. In our family we always expect to save a little money at vacation time. We have exactly the type of vacation we want, mind you. It's just that the type of vacation we want happens to cost less than staying home.

We pack the kids in the car, lash a camping outfit on the roof carrier and for two weeks we join that nomadic legion of Canadians who have learned that auto camping is an inexpensive and healthful way to family fun.

Last summer the five Bodsworths drifted around northern Ontario like gypsies for sixteen days and covered sixteen hundred miles in a leisurely way. When we tallied up accounts we found it had cost $2.08 per person per day. The same trip with restaurant meals and a motel every night would have cost three times as much. And we weren't trying to save money. We could have avoided many nonessentials such as boat trips, souvenirs and pony rides for the kids, and got by for $1.34 per person per day.

There's a catch to all this. To enjoy that $2-a-day auto-camping vacation you first have to borrow or buy a camping outfit. If you have to buy your own it will set you back at least a hundred dollars and if you want sleeping bags and air mattresses for real comfort count on spending two hundred. But once you have the outfit it will last ten years with care, providing you with most of the comforts of home for twenty dollars a year.

We've pottered around with a tent and a car for several summers and to the amazement of our white flannel-set friends we have



What the Bodsworths take along on their auto-camping trips

Fred and Margaret Bodsworth pose with their family (Nancy, Barbara and Neville) to show the complete range of camp equipment. (Full list appears on page 34.)

never been bitten by a snake, caught typhoid from bad water, been chased by a bear, got poison ivy or had to strain crickets out of our coffee. We have been soaked by rain occasionally, and once in the dark we pitched camp in a bed of stinging nettle, but on the whole we have managed to live just about as comfortably under canvas as at home. We don't have all the frills of home, but we have discovered that living outdoors slows down the clock, and when life becomes unhurried conveniences become less necessary.

But auto camping has many attractions that home or cottage vacations can't provide. If we don't like a place or our neighbors we move on; we're not stuck for two weeks like the paid-in-advance lodge guest. We are not bound by any timetable, and we eat when we're hungry, not when a dining-room hostess tells us to. When we grow tired of the scenery we are on our way with the dawn. The simple fact that we have never been to a certain spot becomes a perfectly valid and sufficient reason for going there.

In the Boosworth team each child has a chore. Five-year-old Neville carries water in a canvas bucket here, in Ontario's Algonquin Park

A camping holiday is also the most effective way I know to knit a family into a team. Practically everything you do on a camping trip you do together—quite a contrast with the other type of vacation in which ma and pa play bridge on the verandah all day, the kids spend the day on the diving float, and they all meet at mealtimes. Some busy fathers I know look forward to the family camp trip as a time for getting reacquainted with their youngsters. And children take to camping like a spaniel to water.

Camping does something else for family relations, though maybe I'm a fool for revealing it. It's a wonderful thing for male prestige. It puts the male back in his traditional role as provider and protector. If you are one of those husbands who bungles every household job and finally stands back humiliated while your wife finishes, you need to take her camping. Setting up a camp looks tough to a woman—to her it belongs with carving a home-out-of-the-wilderness—but it really isn't tough at all. In fact it's a lot easier than mending a leaky faucet, but don't let her find out. Those primitive skills like fire lighting will impress a woman much more than coming home from the office with news that your Whatzit sales are thirty-eight percent higher than the same month last year. For it is one of life's great injustices that, while Man has become thoroughly civilized, Woman still admires him most in a thoroughly uncivilized back-to-nature role.

Actually though, modern tents that can be erected in the dark in ten minutes, and camping grounds that provide everything but maid service have taken the "roughing it" out of auto camping. There are dozens of government-supervised campsites all over Canada and the U.S., some pretty primitive and some downright luxurious. The most primitive usually have well water, picnic tables, stone fireplaces and toilets. But some have flush toilets, chlorinated water, electricity, daily garbage collection, free firewood, wooden tent floors and shelters for eating and cooking in bad weather. Many of these campsites are free; some cost fifty cents a day.

With attractions and facilities like these it's no wonder the auto-camping clan is growing fast. Last summer eight thousand people camped at Lake of Two Rivers in Algonquin Park, Ont., a jump of twenty-five percent over the year before. British Columbia's Forest Service began a program of setting up public campsites in 1950; last year they attracted more than a hundred thousand campers, compared with forty thousand in 1951.

Our initiation into this growing company of campers is not exactly the most pleasant of our memories. I had done some canoe camping—strictly for men—in wild country where you can really be alone, and I had always looked askance at public campsites crowded with women and children. My wife Margaret was glad to take the children to grandmother's for their vacation when I was invited on a canoe trip, and we might still be going each his own way if a prospector neighbor hadn't insisted on lending us his tent. He suggested I take the family camping. "Good for the kids, you know."

With doubts and fears I agreed to try it for a weekend. We began gathering blankets, pots, pans and groceries early one Friday morning and by early afternoon the car was full. The three children had to burrow like chipmunks into the back seat, and Marg pushed aside five raincoats and a cooked ham to make room for herself in front. We pulled away. I was just nicely out of second gear when a voice muffled by several layers of blankets behind me piped, "Daddy, I wanta go." I said, "Be quiet, we're going." The tiny voice repeated, "But I wanta go to the bathroom."

At dusk we found ourselves on what seemed to be a secluded Lake Ontario beach and prepared to make camp. We discovered we had forgotten the tent poles, a can opener and the salt. I took a hatchet and went off into the woods to cut tent poles, feeling like Daniel Boone. At the third blow I broke the hatchet handle, and I had learned my first lesson: always carry a light camp axe; hatchets are for little boys. Somehow I strung the tent up on a rope between trees. Without a hatchet I couldn't split firewood, we couldn't light a fire, and we couldn't open cans, so all we had to eat were cold wieners and bread.

BOOSWORTH'S CAMP LIST

(see photograph on previous page)

- air mattresses
- alarm clock
- aluminum chest
- axe
- billy pails
- blankets
- bird and flower books
- bathing suits
- camera
- canvas gloves
- canvas water pails
- dirty clothes bag
- dishes (plastic)
- egg lifter
- fishing rod
- [illegible] box
- fly [illegible]
- flashlight
- file
- first aid kit
- folding camp table [illegible]
- frying pan
- geological hammer
- gasoline lantern
- hand towels
- knife and sheath
- large thermos bottle
- metal mirror
- mending kit
- pencil box
- pliers and funnel
- plastic bread container
- portable radio
- raincoats
- rubber ground sheets
- stove and lantern fuel for same
- small shovel
- swim boards for kids
- sleeping bags (5)
- [illegible] (2)
- toy broom
- tarpaulin
- tea towels
- tent and pegs
- umbrella tent

Along about this time, as I bit into a sprinkling of sand on my bread, I learned another camping lesson: never camp on loose beach sand—it gets kicked into everything. We crawled between our blankets for the night. They felt like sandpaper. Then I discovered that a few hundred yards down the road from our "secluded" beach was a dance hall, and the crowd began arriving just about the time we tucked in. The whole neighborhood was like Coney Island until 4 a.m. Between 3 and 4 a.m. a beery-breathed character stuck his head into the tent three times to say he had lost Myrt and was she in here.

I awoke again at six. We had breakfast—orange juice, cold wieners and bread—then I rolled up the tent, packed the car and announced we were all set to go home. We still had two days and a night of our week end left, but it never occurred to me that anyone would want to prolong *this* agony. Camping is full of surprises—it turned out Marg and the children *were enjoying this*. We didn't go home after all.

That day we bought an axe and a can opener and set out for a Department of Highways campsite which Marg found on the road map. I warned her it would be an outdoor slum. It was on a little jewel-specked blue lake northwest of Kingston. Its name was Beaver Lake and I won't forget it, because Beaver Lake proved to me that highway campsites are not outdoor slums. It proved too that auto camping with the family could be a lot of fun.

We pulled in at suppertime. There were only four other tents there, peeping out from beneath a canopy of pine boughs toward the lake. The air was sharp with pine resin and wood smoke, coffee and frying bacon. Two men came over to help me find poles and set up the tent. One family had finished eating and insisted that we use their gasoline stove instead of starting a search for firewood. We ate well that night. I remember it was fried chicken—out of a can, of course; and later, before we tucked the children in, I split up a pine stump and they had popcorn and cocoa around their first campfire. Barbara, the eldest, said it was like Christmas, only more fun, and I think it was right then that I became a convert to family camping.

We never did return the borrowed tent to my prospector neighbor. We bought it as soon as we got home.

We have learned a good deal about auto camping since that first night on the Lake Ontario beach.

One of the first things we learned was to start several days in advance preparing a list of food and equipment, jotting down items as we think of them. Otherwise it is almost impossible to pack without forgetting something like matches or a can opener. What do you need on your list?

First off, you need a tent. And you need it most not to keep out rain or cold, but to keep out black flies and mosquitoes. In early spring before fly season there is nothing more pleasant than to sleep in the open under the stars, but it becomes impossible by mid May when the flies appear. There are at least a dozen varieties of tents, each with its own advantages; but for auto camping, where weight is not important and poles can be carried, the most popular is the "umbrella" tent. It can be erected easily by one man in ten minutes. Most are sold with sewed-in floors, which most auto campers appreciate for protection against insects and the added warmth. A mosquito screen on the door is essential. An umbrella tent nine feet square, big enough for four, costs forty to fifty dollars. One vital tip on tent care: if you have to roll it up damp, string it up on the

Continued on page 70

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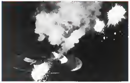

BEST BET **THIS ISLAND EARTH:** Unless your mind is rigidly shut against *all* science fiction on the screen, this one can safely be recommended as an imaginative and exciting specimen. Two remote planets are at war in a hitherto uncharted corner of the universe, and the loser seeks a new source of atomic energy — on Earth. Even the film's absurdities are enjoyable — e.g., scientist Faith Domergue's emergency space suit, which just happens to fit her like the skin on an apple.

DAY OF TRIUMPH: A restrained and beautifully done dramatization of the life, death and resurrection of Christ, with actor Robert Wilson as the Savior. Hollywood's Lee J. Cobb and Joanne Dru are also in the cast.

IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA: A skyscraper-sized octopus, starving as a result of underwater H-bomb blasts, invades San Francisco. Both the city and the story are full of holes before the finish.

KISS ME DEADLY: Another of Mickey Spillane's sex and slaughter orgies, with Ralph Meeker as Mike Hammer, private eye. In its own unsavory way it's crisp and efficient, like gift-wrapped garbage.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS: Bob Hope and a septet of rather tiresome youngsters in a mildly amusing biography of Eddie Foy, a popular entertainer of the past. James Cagney is terrific in an all-too-brief appearance as master showman George M. Cohan.

THE WAGES OF FEAR: In danger of being blown to bits at any instant, four derelicts try to drive two truckloads of high explosives over dreadful Central American roads. A nasty, sadistic shocker — and one of the most suspenseful movies ever made.

Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop

Aida: Opera. Excellent.
The Atomic Kid: Comedy. Fair.
Bad Day at Black Rock: Suspense. Good.
Bamboo Prison: Spy drama. Poor.
Battle Cry: War and sex. Fair.
The Beachcomber: Comedy. Fair.
Black Tuesday: Crime drama. Fair.
Big Combo: Crime drama. Poor.
Big House USA: Crime. Fair.
Blackboard Jungle: Drama. Good.
Black Widow: Whodunit. Good.
The Bounty Hunter: Western. Good.
The Bridges at Toko-Ri: War. Excellent.
Broken Lance: Western. Excellent.
Captain Lightfoot: Adventure. Fair.
Carmen Jones: Negro opera. Excellent.
Chance Meeting: Drama. Good.
Conquest of Space: Science fiction. Fair.
The Country Girl: Drama. Excellent.
Court Martial: Drama. Excellent.
The Divided Heart: Drama. Excellent.
Down Three Dark Streets: Crime. Good.
East of Eden: Drama. Good.
End of the Affair: Drama. Fair.
For Better for Worse: Comedy. Good.
Gate of Hell: Japanese medieval drama. Excellent.
The Glass Slipper: Romance. Good.
Green Fire: Adventure. Fair.
Hit the Deck: Musical. Fair.
Jupiter's Darling: Musical. Fair.
Lease of Life: Drama. Good.
A Life in the Balance: Suspense. Fair.
Little Fugitive: Comedy. Excellent.
The Long Gray Line: West Point comedy-drama. Good.
The Loves of Verdi: Opera biog. Fair.
Mad About Men: Mermaid farce. Fair.
A Man Called Peter: Drama. Excellent.
The Man Who Loved Redheads: British romantic comedy. Fair.
Man Without a Star: Western. Good.
Many Rivers to Cross: Comedy. Fair.
Mr. Hulot's Holiday: Comedy. Good.
New York Confidential: Crime. Good.
On the Waterfront: Drama. Excellent.
The Other Woman: Sexy drama. Fair.
Prince of Players: Drama. Good.
The Racers: Speed-track drama. Fair.
Romeo and Juliet: Drama. Excellent.
Run for Cover: Western. Good.
Simba: African drama. Good.
Six Bridges to Cross: Crime. Good.
A Star Is Born: Musical. Excellent.
The Stranger's Hand: Spy drama. Fair.
Ten Wanted Men: Western. Poor.
Three for the Show: Comedy. Fair.
Tight Spot: Suspense. Good.
Timberjack: Logging drama. Poor.
To Paris With Love: Comedy. Good.
Ugetsu: Japanese drama. Good.
Underwater!: Adventure. Fair.
Untamed: African adventure. Fair.
White Feather: Western. Good.

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The Great Herring Mystery

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

millions swarms into shallow inshore waters to spawn.

It is an awe-inspiring sight. From out of nowhere the fish suddenly "show." They swim with sides touching, rank below rank as far down in the water as the eye can see, all headed in one direction and rippling the surface like a fresh breeze. At night their presence is betrayed by phosphorescent trails, like starlight twinkling on the surface. After spawning they vanish as mysteriously as they came.

But not before the Maritimes fishermen and farmers have taken their share. Weirs strung out from the beaches catch them by the ton. Soon the packing plants and smoke houses up and down the coast are glutted with fish. In the fragrant dimness of hundreds of smoke houses herring become kippers, or are hard-smoked into nearly indestructible bloaters for the West Indian and South American markets. Some millions are salted, others are cured in vinegar. Many of the latter are shipped to New York where they are nuzzled in sweet and sour cream and sold as delectable "grog bits" in Broadway restaurants and night clubs.

At the other end of the herring's social scale, tons of the fish are frozen for bait in lobster traps or food for foxes; many a farmer shovels herring on his potato fields when the canning plants hang out "no more herring wanted" signs. Where there are fish fertilizer plants a man willing to net and deliver herring for a quarter of a cent a pound can find a market. As a last resort a disgusted fisherman with unsaleable herring on his hands just dumps them into the harbor (illegally). Last year the end of the herring run was heralded in more than one Maritimes port, notably Digby, N.S., by that dreadful fish smell of overripe herring *en masse*.

For this seasonal crop the fishermen and farmer-fishers of the Maritimes (not including Newfoundland) received in 1953, the last year for which figures are available, $1,253,000 to be divided among thousands of hard working men. By comparison, the market value of the herring catch on Canada's Pacific coast—where deep-sea fishing is possible in sheltered waters—was ten million dollars in 1951. And in the waters of northern Europe in 1948, only the second year of recovery from wartime dislocation, the income to herring fishermen amounted to seventy-seven millions.

One aspect of the east coast herring mystery that's getting close attention is the fact that the young fish do not take to disappearing until they become a year old. Until that time, in the Bay of Fundy region at any rate, the young herring thrive and grow fat on the nutrient gruel churned up by Fundy's tides. And all the year they remain handy for catching and packing as sardines in quantities sufficient to supply the world's largest sardine cannery, at Blacks Harbour, N.B. In 1953 the market value of Fundy sardine herrings was $3,215,000—three times the value of the whole spawning season catch of adult fish along the eastern mainland that year.

Why the adult fish insist on playing Houdini along the eastern seaboard is the major enigma facing Dr. Leim of the St. Andrews Biological Station and his colleagues. Consider the infuriating behavior of the herring in 1953.

It looked for a long time as though there would be no herring run at all that year. In the summer in fishing villages up and down western Nova Scotia the menfolk sat day in and day out in the weathered fish sheds, whittling moodily. They argued disputedly about whether the herring had forsaken them for good. Maybe the weather was changing, getting too warm for the herring, and they were going farther north to Greenland and Iceland. Autumn approached and the motorboats still drowsed at their moorings. Grocery bills went unpaid. There were uneasy murmurs, and talk of government help. But before the red tape and the memoranda in triplicate could get fairly started the herring came pouring inshore. Nets sank under their weight. Hands that had whittled the summer away became blistered under the hard labor of pulling in the best inshore herring harvest in twenty years.

It is to try to put an end to such feast-or-famine herring fishery that the scientists are probing the mystery of where the herring goes when he retreats to deep water after spawning. The objective is to make possible a year-round, stabilized herring fishing industry that will provide work afloat and ashore for a larger number of Maritimers, thus improving the economics of the entire eastern seaboard.

Fifty Million Acres of Water

When science first took a look at Atlantic herring, however, the reason was more urgent. This was in 1944 and wartime food shortages were beginning to be felt. Fats and protein were urgently needed both at home and for allies. If the movement of the huge herring schools in the Gulf of St. Lawrence alone could be plotted, the result might help meet an international emergency.

Toward the close of 1944 fish packers and marine scientists from the Maritimes, Quebec and Newfoundland met at Halifax with two experts of the federal Department of Fisheries, Major D. H. Sutherland and Dr. A. W. H. Needler. They decided to set up the Atlantic Herring Investigation Committee which launched a herring hunt that was to test the ingenuity and patience of a group of oceanographers, biologists and practical fishermen. Leim was appointed boss.

The Atlantic herring roams the coastal waters from Labrador as far south as Cape Cod, but the chase was confined to the fifty million acres of the Gulf of St. Lawrence because the Maritimes, Quebec and Newfoundland all touch its waters. Wartime shortages of personnel and equipment plagued Leim's efforts and a year and a half passed before the Herring Squad reached "fighting strength." Quebec then supplied Dr. L. Lauzier, a hydrographer who had been mapping water currents off the Gaspé coast, and Newfoundland sent along S. Noel Tibbo, a biologist who had been conducting a one-man research into the life of the herring. In the summer of 1946 they arrived in St. Andrews to join Leim and his band of technicians.

First the team observed closely that remarkable annual phenomenon—the spawning run. What did each gigantic

Through the summer the fishermen fumed and fretted. Had the herring vanished?

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concentrations of herring signify? Was it a glimpse of the ultimate potential? In deep water somewhere off the Atlantic coast might be untapped resources that could support a fleet of trawlers. If this was so a chain of processing plants could be developed and supplied the year round.

They tried tagging individual fish in an attempt to keep in touch with the herring after they vanished from inshore spawning grounds. This was almost a total failure. The herring proved to be extremely delicate and nearly all the tagged fish died immediately.

The biologists then picked up fish from the wharves at spots like Kouchibouguac, Tabusintac, Buctouche, Miscou, Lameque, Shediac and Pointe du Chene—all of them important spawning areas. With forceps they would select a scale near the tip of a herring's pectoral fin, flick it loose, then mount the scale on a microscope slide. This was later viewed through a projector, enlarged twenty times. From the number of rings on the scale a marine biologist can estimate the fish's age—much as a tree's growth is reflected in its rings.

These herring scales, incidentally, are sold separately by the fishermen for around ten cents a pound (they've been as high as three dollars a pound during war years). They are converted into pearl essence, the substance that artificial pearls are coated with and that adds lustre to many plastics and lacquers.

The scale readings taken by Lemm's squad disclosed an advanced average age of approximately ten years, with some up to twenty. On the Pacific coast the average age is only three years. Clearly the gulf herring were not being fished. More than forty thousand herring scales have been thus examined by Noel Tibbo who has card-indexed the life histories and probable habits of more than four thousand individual herrings. His wife often comes on discarded herring scales when house cleaning; they sparkle on the living-room rug like sequins.

When Mrs. Tibbo came to St. Andrews as a bride in 1949 her husband asked her at the station, "Does the Gaspé coast appeal to you for our wedding trip?"

"It sounds heavenly!"

"Splendid!" he said, and then added quickly, "By the way, can you cook herring?"

"Why?" she blinked.

"Oh, you'll see," he said.

All along the north shore of New Brunswick and around the Gaspé coast they stopped in at fish plants. Tibbo produced pots and pans, a portable stove. The bride was set to work cooking hundreds of herring to make it easy for her husband to remove the flesh and count the number of discs in their backbones. These simple mathematics disclosed that herring caught off the Gaspé coast were physically distinguishable from those caught in the region of Prince Edward Island or off the west coast of Newfoundland. They had a different number of vertebrae.

Tibbo deduced that there was not one kind of Atlantic herring but several, each occupying its own territory, each holding aloof from the others—intermingling would soon wipe out these physical differences. It looked, in other words, as if these separate populations of herring stayed close to their own area and did not leave the gulf at all.

That was a milestone at any rate. It located the probable lifetime habitat of the herring—but in an area of rough water equal to the size of Newfoundland, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island combined. Many more clues were needed.

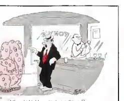
Plankton's a Favorite Food

At this point Lauzier the hydrographer took up the scent. In 1947 he cruised the gulf aboard the Canadian naval vessels New Liskeard and Lloyd George. Studying the water, Lauzier found that the production of plankton was intimately related to the amount of nutrient salts in the water. These come from decaying organisms on the bottom and are stirred up when there is a vigorous tidal mixing—such as occurs in the gulf with the mighty outpouring of the St. Lawrence River. Such are the ideal conditions for plankton growth—and therefore for herring feeding.

The biologists donned their oilskins. By now a suitable boat was available, specially designed and built at the shipyards at Shelburne, N.S., and christened Harengus (Latin for herring), a sturdy little combination trawler and purse seiner. Her crew of nine stowed the nets on deck ready for action and Captain L. J. Lewis gave the word to cast off.

They steamed out into the gulf, scanning the horizon for signs of schooling herring. But there were none—no flocks of gulls or gannets, no leaping porpoises. They asked fishermen but the leads they got petered out. Again the herring had eluded them.

In Newfoundland's Bay of Islands (where that eighteen-mile school of herring had been located a few years before) the Harengus was cruising along early one morning off Wood's Island. A small fishing boat with two men tending a gill net was sighted.



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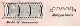

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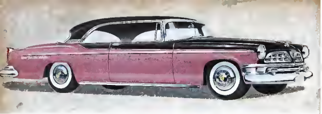

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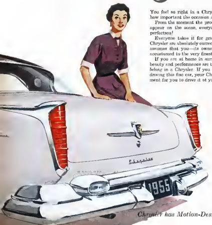

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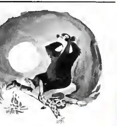

L. B. Day, the group's zoologist, went forward to "speak" them. "What luck are you having?" he shouted.

They shook their heads sadly. One man called out, "Yesterday there was nar one, but today there's nar one t'all!"

Day, who comes from Kingston, Ont., was baffled by the reply. Tibbo, the Newfoundlander, interpreted. "Nar one," he explained, meant a few, while "nar one t'all" meant not one.

"But the boat was half full of fish!" Day protested.

"Oh, well, you have to allow a little for exaggeration," said Tibbo.

Is Drifting the Answer?

The Harengus beat back and forth across the gulf, but the herring was giving one of its best vanishing acts. Where had they gone? Sonic sounders (echo or depth sounders) were brought into play but they detected no large schools. After a time, though, they began to register a definite pattern. The fish were there—but not in great numbers. It was concluded that the eighteen-mile school to the contrary, the Atlantic herring is seldom concentrated except at spawning time. Once offshore the fish spread out in comparatively dispersed schools which often do not give a sharp and decisive echo on the sounders.

This suggested that perhaps the scientists weren't using the right kind of fishing gear. They had tried purse seines and trawls. In purse-seining—the method used on the Pacific coast—the school of fish is surrounded with a curtain of net and the bottom drawn shut with a rope like the string on an old-fashioned purse. In trawling the boat tows a cone-shaped net which is dragged along over the bottom.

One hope remained: drift netting, the traditional method of the British herring fishermen to take erratically schooling fish. But drifting required expensive nets; the Harengus would have to undergo major structural changes. And by now the Herring Squad's funds were running low. If the redesigned Harengus did not soon fill her holds, then the herring hunt was probably through.

Drift netting is a trade in itself. The crew and skipper of a successful trawler may be quite incompetent to fish the same grounds with drift-nets. In drift netting a fleet of nets sometimes two miles long is paid out and boat and nets drift with the tide.

On their first night out in July 1950 (drift netting is always done at night) Noel Tibbo wondered uneasily if the crew had mastered the new technique. With the cry of "Shoot the nets!" the buoys and sinkers splashed overboard laying thirty-five nets to the tide. On that first night they landed about two hundred pounds of herring from each net—twice as much as the average North Sea drifter takes in a night. Their fortunes had changed with their method. Drifting seemed to be the key to big catches.

The next year began badly and the summer was nearly over before the reason for the small catches was discovered. Temperature readings in the gulf indicated water warmer than usual; the fish were swimming at deeper levels. Deeper nets soon brought the hauls up to the previous year's record.

In 1952 the catches remained excellent and the scientists gained valuable experience. The best catches, they noted, were always on clear starlight nights, the poorest on bright moonlight nights. In 1953 their landings soared to three hundred pounds from each net—three times as much as fishermen were getting in the North Sea. With this encouragement the Nova Scotia Government decided to gamble on assisting the new Mercury Fisheries Ltd. to get into the herring business.

Last year Tibbo spent two months in Europe studying English, Dutch and Scandinavian methods of fishing. "Everywhere I went the restaurants served herring," he says. "You don't order it—it's there in some form or other on the trays of *hors d'oeuvres*. It can be had fresh all over Europe. Over there, herring is big business. In Canada it's still the newest business we have. It's going to be interesting watching it grow into an industry from a small scientific project."

Brian Meagher, Nova Scotia's optimistic Director of Fisheries, stoutly predicts that within a few years there'll be as many as fifty offshore herring boats operating.

It looks as though the great herring mystery is just about solved. ★

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The Comeback of Alys Robi

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

prepared to have my fears confirmed.

It was a modest show. Montreal night-club owners don't spread themselves on expensive productions during Lent. A big pleasant-looking master of ceremonies opened the show with a song and then introduced the first act, a frantic female direct from some Broadway show or other. She punched over a couple of songs in what was presumably authentic Broadway style and then she disappeared. The master of ceremonies announced Alys Robi and the customers applauded warmly. Some remembered her.

Robi stepped on the tiny stage. She wore a light blue low-cut evening gown, tight around her figure and flaring out at the knees. Her arms were bare and her hair was cropped short but swirled around her head attractively. Her arms and figure showed a more mature woman than the slight boyish Robi of twenty-five that I had known seven years ago. Her face was softer, too, rounded, but there was the same impish cast to the expression and the old flash of fire in her eyes.

She began her first song, Tico Tico, and magically the old Alys Robi lived again. The sinuous movement of the body, the shift of the shoulders and arms, and the seductive teasing voice, now more full-throated and, if possible, more passionate. The audience was deeply stirred and showed it in a great wave of applause. Robi looked at them and she seemed surprised. She sang another of her old favorites, Chica-boom-chic, and the reception was even more violent. It was really the old Robi so unique in Latin American songs.

She returned for a third song and she stopped the applause with a wave of her hand. She spoke carefully, with her slight French accent. "I will now do my interpretation—is that the right word, interpretation?"

Someone in the audience suggested helpfully, "Imitation!"

Robi turned in the direction of the voice. "Ah, my friend," she said, and there was arrogance and pride in her voice. "You do not know Alys Robi. I do not imitate. Wait, and you will hear. I will now give my interpretation of the song Sincerely. Music, please."

I wondered. Alys Robi had never been a really good singer of contemporary American tunes. She was best known for her Latin American songs, such African songs as Mamelo and torch songs like My Man. The song Sincerely, done to death by disk jockeys and juke boxes, is one that I can cheerfully do without. The wail of a popular crooner mouthing its banal lyrics can bring me to the radio in a flash to switch to another station. But I shall never forget hearing Alys Robi sing that song at the El Morocco Club in Montreal. The depth and warmth and feeling in her voice gave the words a dignity and transformed the melody into something like a prayer, a terribly moving prayer that left you rather stunned at the end. This was a Robi I had never heard before.

I came back to reality at the song's end with the rest of the audience who seemed to have been similarly moved. She was cheered and applauded and she sang several more songs. She enjoyed a great success. But I wondered about the Alys Robi story, the story so suddenly revealed in that song.

I spoke to her after the show. She was pleased about the success of the song. "I learned it today for the first time and we did it tonight without a rehearsal," she said.

No Illusions About Future

We arranged to meet again and a few days later I went to a modest little apartment on De l'Epée Avenue in the industrial north end of Montreal. There I found Alys Robi and her husky young Italian-Canadian husband of fifteen months, Adolino Casmara, who likes to be called Dominic.

The apartment is crowded with the accessories of a singer's career: great piles of music and photos of her on the walls in all the old familiar Robi poses. One huge larger-than-life-size head in color by Gaby of Montreal completely blocked the living-room window. Alys Robi was working at the piano on a new song when I arrived and Dominic was preparing a typical Italian lunch of spaghetti with meat sauce and spareribs.

I found a great difference between the Robi of today and the one I had known before. She had always appeared to me as an impulsive, quick-tempered, passionate girl, difficult to pin down and always in a hurry. Today the temperament is still there, but it is much more under control. She talks calmly and objectively about herself and what happened to her and she has no illusions about the struggle that is still ahead before she can regain the place she held in 1948.

"I tried to come back and I failed

Expert checkers players, Alys plays serious game with Dominic in their small Montreal apartment. They've been married 15 months.

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miserably. I am trying again and it is going better. I know I am singing better. But I want to be sure myself that I am ready before I am at the top again. And naturally, so do the managers."

Rubi is not shy about her age. She is thirty two. She was born Alice Robitaille in Quebec City on Feb. 4, 1923, the seventh of eight children born to Napoleon and Albertine Robitaille. Four of the children are dead. Napoleon Robitaille was a fireman and a spare time professional wrestler. Above all he was a promoter. Albertine Robitaille sang in the church choir.

At four Alice, as she was known until she was sixteen, made an impromptu debut on the stage. Her father took her to the Princess Theatre to see a dancer do the Charleston. As soon as she saw the dancer in action little Alice headed for the stage and joined in. The audience was delighted and theatre owner Harold Vance arranged with Napoleon Robitaille to have Alice appear the next week in a dance of her own. During that same year she appeared at the Capital Theatre in a "butterfly dance." At the same age she made her debut as a singer, appearing at the wrestling arena when her father wrestled. He would announce, "I will wrestle and little Alice will sing." She appeared between bouts and then distributed tiny photos of herself in the audience with her older brother Paul Emile following her with a hopeful hat.

Father Napoleon was sure he had a budding star on his hands, but it was his brother Lucien who gave Alice her most valuable help. He had been a circus singer and acrobat and he taught her songs, acrobatic dancing and the Charleston and Black Bottom.

At seven "La Petite Alice," as she was coming to be known in Quebec City, played in Ten Nights in a Barroom at the Capitol Theatre, two shows a day, for a six month run.

By the time she was eleven she was producing full-length plays in a garage behind her house and charging twenty five cents admission. She was already showing the acute business sense that she displayed later in her career. There were no free tickets, even to actors.

Until she was twelve her theatre performances were handled by her father. She sang, danced and acted, appearing at the Arlequin, the Princess, the Imperial, the Capitol and Palais Montcalm in Quebec City as well as the Palais d'Exposition at the annual Quebec Fair. Napoleon was collecting twenty-five dollars a week for her appearances and she was rated as a local star.

It was in 1935, at twelve, that Alice set out for a new life in Montreal. She had her parents' reluctant consent and she had the railway fare and not much more. She had worked with the famous low brow comedienne La Poune when the latter was in Quebec, and when Alice arrived in Montreal she walked halfway across the city to the National Theatre, a rough and ready house where La Poune usually starred. La Poune got her a four year contract —at seven dollars a week. For this La Petite Alice became the theatre's chief singer and dancer, second only to the comic star of the show, La Poune.

A loyalty toward her parents that has always remained a fierce pride with Rubi made her send three dollars a week to Quebec City. She paid three dollars a week for her room and she bought her food with the dollar balance. A few weeks after Alice started at the National the theatre scrubwoman found her sitting on the dressing-room stairs crying. She learned that the youngster had spent all her food money and hadn't eaten for two days. The old char gave Alice her own lunch, made her share her lodgings, and watched thereafter that she ate regularly. The scrubwoman has since become a boardinghouse keeper and still remains a close friend.

During the next four years Alice went to school during the day and worked at the National at night and on week ends. Word gradually spread in Montreal theatre circles about the little girl at the National. At sixteen she signed a contract for the radio program, *La Veillée du samedi soir*, singing, doing the commercials and acting as leading lady for comedian Teddy Burns Goulet. About then Gratien Gélinas signed her for his radio revue, the top show in French Canada at the time. With these two shows Alice's earnings rocketed from seven dollars to two hundred dollars a week. She shortened her name to Alys Robi and hoped that she had broken the link with cheap vaudeville forever.

She was an immediate hit on radio, and that led to night club engagements. The fiery youngster proved a bombshell

This was Alys of ten years ago, at peak of her success

in such leading Montreal clubs as the Normandie Roof, El Morocco, the Tic Toc, the Samovar and the Esquire.

It was at the Esquire Club that an astute musician, Maurice (Rusty) Davis, heard her for the first time. Impressed, he brought her together with the talented Lucio Agostini, with whom her spectacularly successful career on the CBC radio network was closely associated. Agostini arranged the musical settings for her songs and Alys Robi steadily increased the range of her material, studied diction and presentation. She studied Spanish and English and, at nineteen, she moved to Toronto to work before an English-speaking audience. She retained her contracts on French radio and skipped nimbly back and forth between the two cities. That same year in New York City and in Montreal she began the first of some thirty recordings for RCA Victor.

She was the first singer in Canada to popularize Latin American songs, and her initial hits in French—Laura, You Belong to my Heart and Tico-Tico—are still classics of their type. She also sang and recorded in Spanish and Portuguese. Her best known program, Latin American Serenade, was beamed to Europe and to South America in addition to being carried over Canadian and U.S. networks.

During World War II Alys Robi was a popular figure among the entertainers at army camps and her French-language programs *Les Anciens Combattants* and *A Ceux qui reviennent de*

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lighted the troops. In addition to her shows with Agostini in Toronto, she worked with Howard Cable, Bob Farnon, Paul Scherman, Alan Young, The Happy Gang and the Leslie Bell Singers.

When New York guest appearances on the Jack Smith Show and the Contented Hour led to night-club engagements there, Alys Robi was keeping a hectic pace, hopping by plane from Toronto to Montreal to New York and back, with side jaunts to Quebec City and other cities in Canada and the United States to fill single engagements. Her weekly earnings rose to three thousand dollars and she was her own agent and manager. One agent told a reporter: "Robi has no agent because, if she earns a dollar she wants all of it."

An advertising executive emerging from a tough contract tussle with the determined Alys commented: "She is a good businesswoman. She has as much acumen as any man and she can handle her own affairs as well as any agent." She read all the fine print in her contracts. Once when she came across an escape clause that permitted the sponsor to cancel the show at four weeks' notice she insisted on and obtained a similar clause on her own side.

Yet she was notoriously good-hearted. She bought a house for her parents in Quebec City. She spent money fruitlessly to save her younger brother, who was stricken with polio. He died at nineteen. She paid the university tuition of a young law student and she sponsored the careers of three different singers who are quite successful today. At one night club where she was receiving seventeen hundred a week the management paid out as much as seven hundred in advances to people making touches off the softhearted singer. She could never forget what it was like to be hungry.

The Unsuspecting Prophet

She was engaged to be married several times, but no swain could keep up the pace she set. Her heart affairs were as spectacular and almost as numerous as her night-club appearances, and more than one wife sighed with relief when Robi flew on to another city. In Mexico City, where she had a triumphant engagement, one man gave her a yacht. As she rarely touched liquor she was known as "Miss Canada Dry" there, and when she went to christen the yacht she found that it, too, had been named "Miss Canada Dry."

But the pace was beginning to tell. One writer, an unsuspecting prophet, wrote early in 1948: "One week with the energetic song bird of the dusks and the air waves would drive a normal person to the front door of a lunatic asylum."

When she went to England in 1947 to appear on television and at the elegant Orchid Room, she ripped up an expensive dress at the show, and a producer of BBC asked her frankly: "Why don't you see a psychiatrist?" Terrible headaches made her tear at her hair during performances, and critics began to comment on her strange mannerisms.

She went to Paris and the records show that she appeared on the Côte d'Azur for performances but she has a very vague recollection of Paris and none at all of the Côte d'Azur. Yet she made a triumphant return to Canada, and in Montreal she appeared in a star-studded but rather dismal revue, C'Atomique! y? The show went to Quebec City, where the students of Laval University pelted it with vegetables and would have broken it up altogether if Alys Robi had not walked out on the stage and quieted them with a scathing speech. She obtained a respectful hearing for the balance of the show, which was more than it deserved. However, Robi's appearance in the show was a personal triumph and there was little in her manner to indicate that she was on the verge of a crack-up.

The end came suddenly one night when she was scheduled to appear on her program, *Viva La Canadienne*. The announcer simply declared that Miss Robi would not sing. A few days later she entered St. Michel Archange hospital.

Alys Robi can now speak with detachment about that nightmarish period of five years when, except for a brief period "outside" in 1950, she was under treatment at St. Michel Archange. She felt at times as though she were standing apart, watching another person. Even in her most disturbed moments she was conscious of what she was doing and what was happening to her. She had electric shock and insulin shock treatment. She remembers with gratitude the furtive sympathy of a male attendant who came into the women's ward with a group of male patients to wax the floors. He would pass her and whisper: "Don't worry, Miss Robi. You are looking better all the time. You'll get out. You'll be cured." The male attendants were not supposed to speak to the female patients.

She remembers a long period when she was convinced that she was Ezio Pinza. She practiced voice scales and exercises in a deep voice for hours on end, and she thinks this may be why her voice shows a new quality today.

At one point she became convinced that she was the reincarnation of Jesus Christ. She remembers a day when a group of psychiatrists was visiting the hospital. All the patients were gathered in a large hall. In her room Alys had arrayed herself in a long yellow nightgown and draped a red blanket over her shoulders. She parted her long black hair in the centre and it swept down over her shoulders. She walked out into the hall and stretched out her hand in benediction over the other patients, who fell on their knees to receive her blessing. Out of the corner of her eye she saw attendants furtively closing in on her to prevent her from making a scene. But she walked straight toward the group of psychiatrists and bade them kneel to receive her benediction. And she remembers her warm feeling of gratitude toward them for their sympathy and understanding when they dropped to their knees at her behest. For a period she became so violent she had to be placed in a strait jacket.

Of her brief liberty in 1950 Alys Robi has shadowy recollections. She remembers that a concert was scheduled at the Chateau Theatre in Montreal. At dinner before the show she wore the evening gown she was supposed to wear on the show and she turned up for the performance in street clothes. She sang Begin the Beguine and then, when the orchestra struck up Tico Tico for her second song, she went on singing Begin the Beguine.

Roger Lemelin, the author and playwright, knew Alys Robi when she was little Alice Robitaille, the girl next door in the St. Sauveur district of Quebec City. Across the road lived Albert Guay, who later blew up his wife and a plane load of passengers. Lemelin recalls that Alys was the first and last girl who ever had to take the initiative in kissing him. In October 1950 he wrote:

"She was half-cured when the doctor let her go home to live with her parents. She washed the floors with her mother,

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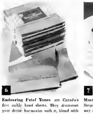

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and dressed like a spinster in old clothes and shoes. She had a certain fixity in her look and seemed to have forgotten a lot of things, acting like an automatic doll. She smiled often and looked and spoke to people in an angelic manner. She was no more the old enthusiastic Alys. Two weeks ago a girl of twenty-seven clothed like a pauper, with holes in her stockings, she listened with serenity to a group of youngsters who mocked her. It was in front of the Monaco restaurant on St. John Street in Quebec City's upper town. Albert Provost, the owner of the Monaco restaurant, was smoking a cigarette in front of his restaurant as customers were scarce and business was very slow. He recognized Alys as he knew her in her golden days and remembered her generosity toward other artists.

Provost chased the boys away and brought Alys into his restaurant. His invited artist that week was the dramatic tenor Albert Marquis. Provost introduced Alys to Marquis who sat at the piano and started to play L'amour, an Alys success. She started to sing. She remembered the words and the tune. Marquis and Provost looked at each other. Why not try to re-educate her? Marquis decided he would do it. He patiently started to practice five or six songs, including a duet called Tango L'Amore in Spanish. They bought a concert dress for Alys and placed a modest announcement in the newspapers. There was an immediate rush from the Quebec populace to get reservations at the small night club above the restaurant, which holds only fifty people. The great night was scheduled for Friday the 12th of October. The owner had to refuse hundreds of people who lined the sidewalks. Two shows were scheduled, one at half past ten and the other at half past twelve. The first night was a success. Alys sang her four songs without cracking, but the old Robi pep was not there.

Bravos—But No Return

"I went on Saturday night. Marquis sang first and then he announced Alys. Everyone was longing for her. She walked slowly to the platform receiving an ovation. Everyone in the audience knew what she had been through and the cheer was one of collective and ardent wish to see her prove that she would recover, that the old Alys would be back again and that this talented girl who had had such a flashing rise and a tragic fall would climb at last the ladder leading to her mental liberation. The sentiment I felt in the audience had been first one of curiosity, but as soon as she made her appearance, she was so good looking, so charming, that this curiosity was changed to admiration, sympathy and an ardent desire to see her succeed.

"The orchestra began to play. There was a tragic silence. Marquis, anxious, watched her from the nearby wall and made her a sign of encouragement. Most of the time, with a certain fixity of look, she hung on Marquis' lips. She sang first Parlez-moi d'Amour. Slight hesitations could be noticed on some words like parlez-moi d'amour. The voice was more mature than ever before and very moving. At the end of the song the audience went nearly crazy. Everyone was on his feet shouting *bravo!* And suddenly this electricity of happiness, this feeling of liberation that had made the audience stand up reached Alys. She made a frantic sign to the orchestra, threw her head back, her dark hair jumping from one shoulder to the other, her body undulating, and she went into her old success L'amour. Everyone was standing breathing with excitement. She was making her comeback beautifully.

"When she was finished there was a roar so loud that you could not believe it was produced by fifty persons. People who were there had come to see how a crazy girl could sing and they were seeing a poor girl emerging from the snake pit and showing her normal head in a normal world. Her father and mother and sisters were there. They surrounded her and kissed her. She had come sweet and angelic again. Her father was taking everybody by the shoulder saying 'She is getting well, eh? Tell me, she is getting well?' I was so moved that I could not say anything."

But Alys was not fated to make it that time and after the fiasco of the Chateau Theatre she went back into St. Michel Archange. She remained there until 1952. This time surgery was considered, the extremely delicate pre-frontal lobotomy operation which is not always successful. This brain operation involves the cutting of some of the white fibres linking the frontal lobes, areas of judgment, with the thalamus and hypothalamus, areas of feeling. Its purpose is to do away with the false fear signals that bound the emotionally unstable, while preserving enough connections for the brain to operate with near normal powers of intellect and judgment.

The consent of her parents was obtained and Alys underwent the delicate operation at the hands of Dr. Jean Sirois. The operation took place in June of 1952. It was pronounced a success, and Alys emerged from the hospital. She was warned, however, that she would have to be careful for another five years. Fifteen days after she came out of the hospital she opened at the Montmartre Club, receiving two thousand dollars a week.

The brain operation had required the removal of the famous Robi raven locks and at first she wore a hat to cover the shortness of her hair. But as her hair came back as profuse as ever she kept it short, and lately she dyed it a copper red.

Alys Robi quickly discovered that five years' absence had not caused her to be forgotten by her admirers. They jammed into the Montmartre to hear her. But it was not easy to go out there and perform with the old abandon. The memory of her previous failure was before her and she felt she could read suspicion and doubt in the faces of the audience.

One time a group of young medical students shouted for a request number. Robi could not catch the title and ignored it. She said she would sing the songs she had prepared. One of the students taunted her: "Don't mind her. She just got out of the asylum and she'll be going back there again soon." For a moment Alys was stunned and speechless. Then she replied calmly: "I am not ashamed that I had a brain operation. At least I have a brain to be operated on." The audience clapped its approval.

But it was a sample of some of the incidents that Robi had to face on her way back. She had no difficulty getting engagements. In fact she became a medicine for ailing night clubs and theatres, for wherever she appeared business picked up immediately. She played a whole series of Montreal's east-end clubs: the Savoy, the Casa Loma, the Continental, the Café de l'Est, Vic's Café, and a long run at the Radio City Variety Theatre. She played at Chez Gérard in Quebec City and at the 1954 Telethon there, a television marathon variety and guest show raising funds for charity; she brought in fifty thousand dollars by her personal appearance.

Five years of hospital operation and all did not impair the famous Robi temperament. A series of heart affairs threatened to complicate the problem of winning her way back to the top, before she married the husky Cimmarra who combines the functions of manager and bodyguard with that of a husband.

Robi's long illness dissipated most of her considerable earnings, and a recent robbery at her apartment resulted in the loss of valuable furs and jewelry as well as Dominic's saxophone. But Robi's recuperation has been rapid financially as well as physically and artistically. She has just bought a new car and trailer and she still indulges in her favorite luxury: hundred-dollar hats that she seldom wears.

Dominic Cimmarra doesn't pretend to be able to keep up with the fast-thinking Robi. She had been his favorite singer when he met her first. At that time she used to go out with his brother Charlie Cimmarra, a former prize fighter.

He has been teaching her how to play checkers. Last year she got a big thrill when she beat former checker champion Raoul Dagenais, of Montreal, an international master. She was made honorary Queen of the Federation of Canadian and American Checker Players, but she thinks that Dagenais threw the game. "How come I beat him and I can't beat my husband?" she asks.

Cimmarra had worked at various jobs before he met Alys Robi. He has been a headwaiter and a doorman. He is a first-class cook. But now both of them look forward to the day when Robi can open her own club and book her own acts together with her husband. She is even giving him singing instructions and she claims he has a pretty fair voice, though his seventeen-year-old brother Ricardo has the most promising voice in the family.

Alys is now working tirelessly building up a new repertoire with which she hopes to storm the heights of New York again. Right now her top tunes are Les Croix, Quand Tu Danses, Sincerely, Smile, I Believe, Tabu, I Hate Sundays, and two old favorites, Chica-boom-chic and Tico-Tico. Last year RCA Victor brought out a long-playing album of her old hits and she is looking forward to the opportunity of recording some new ones. Recently composer Maurice Zbriger sent her a couple of new tunes that she thinks will be hit songs. She will write her own lyrics for them.

The recent El Morocco date was perhaps the most significant event that has happened to Alys Robi since she began her comeback, for it marked the first time in seven years that she has played a top flight Montreal night club. Peter van der North, owner of the club, thinks that Alys is definitely on her way back up to the top.

But Robi, who fought her way out of poverty and clawed her path through burlesque houses and cheap vaudeville to reach the top once and was toppled by the tragedy of mental illness, has no illusions. She has no false modesty, either. We sat in her apartment just the other day and Cimmarra put some of her old hits on the record player.

Robi shook her head. "Turn it off, Dominic," she said. "I can do a lot better than that now, can't I? I know it, and you know it. Now it's up to me to prove it to those big shots in New York. I will too."

I think she will, too. Wait till they hear her sing "Sincerely." ★

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

to each other in their own "voice."

The composer front might be said to have grown out of Kendall's faith in the human intellect. All problems, he feels, even those of personality, will eventually yield to knowledge scientifically acquired.

Kendall is a naturally shy and introspective man, tall and somewhat portly, a little nearsighted without his glasses. A few years ago he came to the conclusion that he, a communications engineer, wasn't making his views understood to his co-workers at the National Film Board in Ottawa.

This was scarcely surprising. Kendall's views cover a rather wide range. He has delved in psychoanalysis, metaphysics, semantics and cybernetics (a science dealing with communications). He follows the experiments in mental telepathy being carried out at Duke University, North Carolina. He exchanges tape recordings of spiritual seances with other students of extra-sensory perception.

When he wants to memorize something he impresses it on his subconscious mind. He records it on his tape recorder, adjusts the volume just loud enough to hear, puts the microphone under his pillow and sets the machine to repeat the message over and over while he sleeps.

One day he enquired point-blank of a Film Board producer, "How do you get along with people?" He sometimes seems a little naive in his fundamental honesty.

"Have a drink with them," the producer replied.

He Worked at Winning Friends

This approach wasn't scientific enough for Kendall. He took a Dale Carnegie course in winning friends and influencing people.

He learned to consider the other person's viewpoint and motives, though his technique at first was somewhat mechanical. He would write down the probable course of an interview ("If he says this, I'll say this"). "He learned to deal with people by rules," says a Film Board friend. "He'd take out Plan A. If that didn't work he'd take out Plan B. C and D would be in the offing."

Kendall is now past this self-conscious stage. He has learned to get up on a platform and talk to a thousand people. Last year he was elected international president of the Dale Carnegie Clubs of North America.

Nevertheless many people feel that he still presents a paradox. In his walk-up apartment where he lives with his wife and newly born daughter, A. J. Cronin's sentimental fiction nestles cheek and jowl with Kant's Critique of Pure Reason. Though he tackles his personal affairs as mechanically as a problem in engineering, he brings to his engineering problems a brilliant intuition.

His interest in music came from his mother. She was a Scottish concert pianist who taught music wherever she lived with her husband, a roving Cornish accountant. Osmond, born in Spain, was her most disappointing pupil. At the age of five, in a gold camp on the Uruguayan border, watching the flashing blue sparks from the generators that powered the sluices, he had fallen under the spell of the force called electricity.

When his mother complained that their house near Pelotas, Brazil, lacked modern conveniences, Osmond, aged ten, built a windmill and lit the house with electric light. He coiled nichrome wire on a curtain rod, immersed it in a baking pan of plaster of Paris and gave his mother a crude but effective electric stove. When he was fifteen his father sent him to College Batista, a Brazilian university, where Kendall majored in physics.

He took his final year at Bliss Electric School in Washington and was the youngest electrical engineer in his graduating class. The Westinghouse Corporation picked him for training, but his father had come down with malaria. Kendall boned up on climates all over the world, selected Vancouver Island as best suited to his father and with thirty dollars capital set up Kendall Laboratories in one corner of a Victoria garage.

His slogan was "Everything Using Electricity." He built the Canadian Navy a loudspeaker system that would stand up to the full broadside of guns. For doctors he designed gadgets such as electrodes to put up the nose of hay fever patients to electroplate the irritated passage with cadmium metal. He made and sold fluorescent lighting and remote controlled built-in radios long before either became the rage in the U.S.

His most popular invention was a little box that he wired to the top of a radio. When static was bad his customers would turn a dial on the box and the static would disappear. Most of the static Kendall had found came in over the power line. His gadget, which he patented, simply fed it back out again.

The business struggled upward through the Depression. The family finally felt that they could afford a fine new piano, a player piano that Kendall and his father could listen to when his mother wasn't around. But it irritated his mother to hear the piano playing automatically. "An impossible instrument!" she exclaimed one day. "The music has no feeling. It's completely mechanical."

"But why does it *have* to be mechanical?" Kendall argued, intrigued by the perforated paper rolls that make the music. "Why couldn't you punch holes in the rolls that would carry the feeling too?"

His mother shook her head. "No mechanical instrument," she said with finality, "can ever reproduce a musician's touch."

Kendall silently disagreed. Touch could be heard, therefore it was tangible, physically real. If it was real it could be reproduced. Often over the years the thought of creating music without musical instruments came back to tantalize him.

During the war, the National Research Council snapped up Kendall, who had recently got married, and sent him to Halifax to do research on underwater acoustics. In 1944, when the National Film Board was searching for someone to put better sound in its wartime movies, the Research Council recommended Kendall.

By 1949 Film Commissioner Ross McLean had made Kendall his technical consultant. A year later Norman McLaren, a brilliant animation artist who draws his pictures in miniature right on the celluloid of a film strip, asked for a machine to help him draw sound directly on film.

To Kendall it seemed that McLaren had set himself an impossible discipline in his rudimentary efforts to produce sound on film. Once more Kendall began to think of creating music synthetically, building it as a boy builds a castle with a meccano set. But before

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he could build it he had to break it down. He had to know what the building blocks were. What were the elements of music?

He went to Lou Applebaum who was writing a score for the Film Board. The composer could only tell him what he put into his music: joy and sorrow, yearning and struggle, darkness and light. He interviewed hundreds of music lovers to find out what they enjoyed. Some said the music made them feel romantic; others said it recalled their past. The composer had put in feelings; the listener took feelings out. Sound, to Kendall, was a vibration in air pressure that bumped into the eardrum and bucked out again; this wasn't especially illuminating. What physical elements gave the listener his feelings?

On Film Board trips, Kendall talked to musicians across the continent. He collected some three hundred definitions of what made up music, terms like timbre, lyric quality, tone. To a scientist none of these terms had accuracy. A composer would tell a musician, "I want you to give this passage more tone quality." The passage when played would have nowhere near the tone the composer imagined. Kendall was thoroughly confused.

Of all these terms the most baffling was touch. Even musicians couldn't explain it. Touch, they said, was the difference between Paderewski and Alec Templeton, an intangible thing, the musician's personality. It could never be analyzed.

Kendall came away from some of these talks dissatisfied and resentful at the thought that something couldn't be understood. "Touch isn't so intangible," he said to his wife, "that it can't be recorded on disk in New York and shipped to Toronto." Whatever the difference between a Paderewski and a Templeton, it was right there in the grooves of their records.

Kendall ransacked the library for books on acoustics, sound engineering, musical theory. "When I first talked to Ken," says Lou Applebaum, "he was a musical illiterate. In a couple of years he knew all there was to know."

Kendall learned that no one agrees on just what music is. The Chinese think most Western music is mawkish and dissonant, while Westerners think most Chinese music is rank discord. When Strauss first rehearsed his opera Salome, Kendall read, his musicians were upset by the new sounds. They called it "painful ... an earsplitting cacophony." Before they were through rehearsing they were talking about the opera's "interesting forms and tonal beauties." To Kendall it was like the story of the Scotsman in the hospital who was cured by hearing the bagpipes although two Englishmen died in the next ward.

A Mountain of Music Terms

Kendall recorded a number of musical notes on magnetic tape. He experimented with the nature of discords by speeding up the tape recorder. He soon came to the conclusion that the famous saw about music soothing the savage breast was nonsense. Any sound was simply noise when you heard it for the first time. Music had to be learned; it had to be recognized.

Armed with his theory of recognition, Kendall tackled the job of reducing the mountain of musical terms to as few elements as possible. He recorded the notes of a trumpet, flute, violin and piano on tape and studied their shape on an oscilloscope, a device for looking at any electrical frequency, which corresponds to musical pitch. With a pair of scissors he practiced cutting those tapes from the magnetic tape.

When he knew how to shape the notes, he broke them down into some of their separate elements, and put them back together in new combinations. He took the harmonic structure of the trumpet and gave it the struck character of the piano. He cut the beginning off the piano note and made it sound like a harpsichord. He put another beginning on the same piano note, the sound of a hammer hitting glass, and got the effect of a steel guitar.

He soon knew how to build the personality of an instrument, the difference between the trumpet and the piano. First he recorded a frequency which he generated on his oscillator. As its name implies, a frequency is the number of sound waves passing a given point in a second. This fundamental frequency or pitch sounded thin and dull by itself. It didn't begin to sound like a musical note until Kendall added other frequencies, called overtones or harmonics. The more he added the richer the note became.

It was this distinctive blend of frequencies that gave the piano or trumpet its characteristic sound. Kendall spent hours in front of the oscilloscope gazing fascinated at the vibrant shapes of the notes, the shapes engineers call "envelopes." These are best described in terms of the human voice. The throat generates sound and the lips and tongue chop it up into recognizable words. When seen as sound waves on the oscilloscope each word has a distinctive shape called an envelope.

Kendall noticed that two musicians playing the same instrument made slight changes in the envelope shape. Whatever made up touch, these envelopes contained it.

He recorded two piano notes, one forward, one backward. Then he asked a number of musicians to identify them. No one knew what the second note was. "Have they got the same harmonic structure?" he asked. "No," the musicians said. "It's a different note altogether."

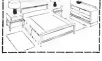
Some wouldn't even admit that the piano note played backward was the product of a musical instrument at all. They said it sounded more like a sea flea. Yet it had the same pitch, the same harmonic structure, every nuance was the same except that the note was building up instead of dying away. People didn't recognize the note. Kendall realized, only the outline, the envelope shape.

He began to wonder just how much of any musical sound was actually recognized in the mind. He knew that the inner chamber of the human ear, a bony spiral called the cochlea, contains four thousand nerve fibres. He had thought the sound waves traveled up these nerves to the mind. In visits to U. S. sound labs, he found he was wrong. Nerves turned on or off like electric lights.

The nerves are scaled like a keyboard, only in groups. Each group is fired by a corresponding frequency. The more intense the frequency, the more nerve fibres it fires in its group and the louder that particular pitch sounds in the mind.

Kendall realized now that the problem was simpler than anyone had expected. He didn't have to build a machine to make everything a musician made; the mind could hear less than one percent of the sound wave. The nerves were fired by the sound wave's outline, the envelope shape.

It dawned on Kendall now that the envelope shape was the sum of many frequencies seen in profile. It was something like looking down on a centipede and seeing the slow undulating ripple



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of the eddies caused by the hundreds of scuttling feet. In the same way the envelope moved at a much slower speed than its high frequency carrier waves. In one wavy line he found he could draw all that the mind enjoys in a musical note—pitch, harmonies and the human touch. Armed with this knowledge, he invented his machine.

Late in 1949 Kendall met Eric Farmer, the head of research for Canadian Marconi. Marconi was looking for new research projects. It footed the bill for Kendall's patent rights in sixteen countries, spent nearly sixty thousand dollars and after much delay caused by government contracts during the cold war Marconi got a working model half finished and invited Applebaum to test it. He was enthused.

At present the composer writes his mental symphonies on black symbol-lined white paper. He has no way of knowing whether they're just what he had in mind. Months or years may pass before he hears them played by a symphony orchestra. Not uncommonly he never hears his best work. For example few of Bartok's compositions, currently selling on disk, were played by orchestras until after his death.

When a composer finally hears his music interpreted by a conductor, passed on by musicians, distorted by room acoustics and compressed into the grooves of a record, it's seldom exactly what he hoped the public would hear when he penciled it on his score.

With Kendall's gimmick pencil the composer can in effect draw the grooves in the record. Working with a composer-tron instead of a piano he can walk out of his study and into a TV, radio or film studio with his recorded composition under his arm. Applebaum says, "It has the same relation to conventional music that the invention of films had to the live stage."

The concept of the speech machine which Marconi built at the same time as the music machine grew naturally out of the principle of controlling each element separately, for the voice is simply a vastly superior musical instrument. Separate control of pitch and time permits dialogue to be speeded up or slowed down without changing pitch as happens now (you've heard a record drone down to a halt as the turntable slows). Most important, it means that the language problem in films can be finally overcome. A faultless English diction can be inserted into the voice tones (harmonic structure) of an Italian movie star. By controlling the speed, the Italian's lip movements can be synchronized with his synthetic English speech.

In dramatic films monsters from Mars can be given inhuman voices. Movie heavies who look like villains but sound like Sunday school teachers can change their voices with strong injections of menace. Sex appeal can be injected into the voices of starlets.

Radio presents some intriguing and chilling possibilities. A politician who couldn't make himself understood by his French speaking constituents, could broadcast in his own voice a speech in impeccable French. From a few sentences spoken by a dictator in a newsreel an entire political speech could be forged. Secret police could forge confessions in the victim's natural voice, manufacture "proof" of anything.

In the field of popular records, where a single hit can rake in a hundred thousand dollars, the public fancy is often caught by new sound combinations. For example guitarist Les Paul struck gold by using echo-chamber effects. Bing Crosby cleaned up by recording a quartet with himself. "Compared with what the composer-tron can do," says Applebaum, "this is kindergarten stuff."

The president of Marconi, S. M. Finlayson, stresses the invention's usefulness in helping scientists study acoustics. External Affairs could use the machine to send a short-wave note that would give foreign decoders some new headaches. Kendall thinks it would simplify the work of Bell Telephone scientists who make movies of the sound waves that carry speech; eventually they hope deaf mutes can be taught to talk by learning to recognize the visible shape of the spoken word.

Kendall has now left the Film Board to spend his time exploring the market possibilities for his machine. He sees a large mass market for make-it-yourself music. He thinks there are many people with emotions bottled up by an inability to express themselves musically. Their fingers may be too stiff to play a violin or piano. Their tongues may be too awkward to master a horn. He thinks a mass-produced home model could be aimed at every music lover who can't play an instrument.

But even Kendall, who inclines to be overoptimistic, doesn't claim the composer-tron will make every man his own Cole Porter. What comes out of the machine can't be any better than what goes in. The melodies of the machine's ultimate users will still soar or fall on the qualities of musical imagination and sensitivity.

Kendall's initial dream of liberating the young from an hour a day of Minuet in G is still, composer-tron or no composer-tron, a long way from fulfillment. ★

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Not This August

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

Eve,' Sergei Ivanovitch?" the captain asked, beginning to set up the chessmen for their game.

The lieutenant's lips went tight. "Christmas Eve" was the captain's discovery and on the strength of it the captain hoped to be a major soon. "It seems to mean 'Pie in the sky,' Pavel Gregorevitch . . . If you know the phrase?"

"Approximately the same as *Nichevo*," the captain replied. "I feared as much." He moved pawn to king four.

Immensely relieved, the lieutenant sat down and played the queen's pawn gambit. "Administrative disposal?" he asked.

Pawn took pawn. The captain nodded yes.

The lieutenant pursued two trains of thought simultaneously. One concerned the administrative disposal of Farmer Fastman; it would be his job to administratively dispose of him with a pistol bullet in the back of the neck; he was wondering which pistol to use . . . his personal souvenir Colt 45 was far too heavy for the job. The other concerned the margin by which he should lose the chess game to the captain.

The captain said abruptly, "We should enrol a few more of these Christmas-Eve-sayers, Sergei Ivanovitch, but I will understand if results are negative. One cannot be right every time."

The lieutenant suppressed a smile. The captain felt self-pity, and his course was now clear. It was his duty to be roundly trounced in a dozen moves.

NOVEMBER 20th: . . . temperatures seasonably cold with snow flurries over the northeast and light variable winds.

The proclamation left by the corporal in the jeep said the indigenous population was ordered to discontinue the foolish slangy salutation, "Christmas Eve," forthwith. For the said phrase could be substituted any one of the traditional cultural salutations and farewells in the following list:

Ah, good day, sir (or madame)!
How are crops (first name of person addressed)?
And more.

Mr. Croley looked at it word by word in his empty store, then slowly tacked it to his bulletin board and waited.

Lank old Mark Tryon came in after a while and asked, "Got any white bread?"

Mr. Croley took a huge loaf of dark rye bread from the screened box in answer to that.

"Cut me off two pounds," Tryon said. "I suppose you couldn't slice it?"

Mr. Croley shook his head once and measured carefully to cut off two pounds. Tryon read the placard meanwhile. He turned from it dead pan to pick up his chunk of bread and put down his dollar.

"Christmas Eve," Mr. Croley said, shoving back a penny change at him.

Tryon blinked and said furtively, "Christmas Eve," glanced at the placard and scuttled out with the bread under his arm.

Mr. Croley looked after him for a moment and then turned to check through the credit books on the wide spread rack. He worked through the A's noting who was over five dollars, who over ten, who over fifteen. "Sir or madame!" he snorted to himself silently.

November 23rd: . . . Stan Potocki and his wife were out in the crisp cold butchering hogs. A huge fire roared and stank, for as they boned the meat they threw bones and gristle onto the blazing chunks. It was a funny way to butcher. Stan sawed and sliced; his wife dragged cuts away to hang in the barn and between times kept herself busy digging in a row of barrels. When she finished the barrels would be flush with the ground, filled with brine and pork, covered with the winter wood pile.

Mrs. Potocki leaned on her shovel for a moment, stamping her feet in the powdery snow. "Mrs. Winant didn't say anything when I met her," she said.

"Henry Winant's yellow," Potocki grunted. "'Killing ten sheep. Maybe more later, Stan, but I can't tell him how cholera got my sheep, ya know?'" He was imitating Henry Winant's nasal twang. "I told him wild dogs could just as easy kill twenty as ten but he's yellow. Got to face up to the Agro man anyway, why not do it for twenty sheep?" He whirled his butcher knife and stuck another pig in the throat. Inside he was already rehearsing his story for the Agro man. Hog cholera, sudden outbreak. Had to slaughter and burn 'em fast, lieutenant, you being an Agro man know how it is with cholera. Wanna see the bones and ashes? I'll get a shovel, buried 'em right here.

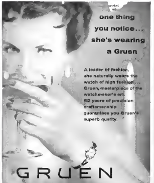
"Stan," his wife said.

He stopped and patiently began to whet his butcher knife.

"Stan, what's gonna happen on Christmas Eve?"

He said slowly, "I don't know. I wish to hell I did. Whatever happens, we'll take it as it comes."

"I guess," she said, "hiding the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pork's got something to do with it?"

"I guess," he said shortly and laid down his whetstone and tried his butcher knife on his thumb carefully.

November 23rd . . . The old phenomenon of persecution, the one that persecutors never learn, was working itself out again. The Frinblatts were getting ready for dinner. In a bungling way it was as kosher as they could manage considering that they had not kept a ritual kitchen since Gus' father died years before.

Mrs. Frinblatt was worrying over which dish towel was which. Did the red band mean meat dishes and the blue band mean milk dishes or was it vice versa? She had forgotten; she'd have to write it down somewhere. Kosher was a nuisance, no denying it, but a nuisance with compensations. Nowadays when they had so little they had at least this feeling that they were a link in a chain through fifty centuries.

Gus was finishing a report on a lost heifer. "Condition of fence line last seen direction of hoofprints . . ." It had to be turned in to the Agro man when he made his rounds. He washed his hands and went through the sliding double doors to the dining room. Before sitting down he went to the sideboard where the canister set stood and scooped half a cup of flour and a small handful of beans out. He lifted a loose floor board and dropped them into flat cans waiting there between the joists.

Mrs. Frinblatt complained, "You're getting awful queer, Gus. Why do you put the stuff away? Why ask for trouble? They shot the Wehrweins for hoarding, didn't they? And the *heifer*! Maybe you'll get away with it but my heart stops every time I think of the man looking in the barn, walking over the barrel—Gus, I was talking to Mrs. Potocki in the store when there wasn't anybody around and she *knows* about it. Gus, did you tell Stan?"

"I told him, I told him," he said wearily. "He's doing the same with his hogs. And if your heart stops, your heart stops. Sit down."

She sat.

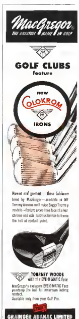
Gus put on a hat and thought. He was vaguely aware from a novel he had read once that the fifty centuries of Jewish sacred literature provided blessings for every occasion—tasting a perfect melon, seeing purple clouds at sunset, hearing that a relative had been ransomed from heathen captivity. Presumably there was one for sitting down to a thin stew of turnips and beef in the first year of a pagan conquest, but he didn't know it. He sighed and recited the only prayer he did know—the "Hear, O Israel," and they began to eat.

December 5th . . . A mass of cold Canadian air had bulged through the western Great Lakes area, bringing snow mixed with freezing rain to much of the northeastern NAPDR. Hospitals were already filled to capacity with old people coughing their lives away, and they called it virus epidemic. The truth of the matter was that it was cold and starvation.

Betsy Cardew, red-eyed and dog-tired from last night's Young Communist League meeting and the subsequent hours of volunteer work unloading at the freight yards, made her first stop of the day at the Chester County Country Club that was. The MVD Agro detachment had plowed it up for an experimental station.

She blinked at a new sign nailed to the archway over the driveway. It said "Collective Farm 'Pride of Susquehanna' (EXP CC 001)" in ugly Russian-looking letters. She drove under it to the administration building, noting on the way other strange things going on at what used to be the first tee. Red army trucks were arriving. Tents were being erected. Bewildered farm-looking couples were being unloaded from the trucks and guided to the tents. There was a kitchen tent with fat cooks hoking up breakfast; a chow line of farmers was shaping up.

Lieutenant Sobilov was waiting for her at the foot of the administration building's steps as usual. He was trying to make her and simultaneously polish his English. He wore the MVD green, but as an Agro scientist he was only nominally in the Ministry of Internal Affairs.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She handed the mail through the window to him. "What's going on, lieutenant?" she asked.

Sobilov looked around first. The coast was clear. "We are setting up a pilot farm," he grinned. "We are anticipating the problems of next year."

"Problems?"

After another look around Sobilov ventured an amused laugh. "My dear girl," he assured her, "peasants are peasants the world over. Surely it can be no secret to you that your countrymen have turned obstinate."

She looked ashamed. "But our YCL program, 'Every Farmer a Shock Worker of the Revolution' . . ." she began to argue.

"Nonsense! The time is past. There are cycles of behavior, and the secret is to anticipate them. There was first the cycle of shocked apathy, which we countered by occasional salutary executions for the good of all. There is now in effect a new cycle of action resistance. Your countrymen think they can 'put one over,' is the phrase?—on the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."

He offered her a cigarette and lit one himself. "It is amusing. It is what happened in the Ukraine in 1931. The peasants came out of shock and decided that they would put one over. They neglected to cultivate. They butchered their livestock rather than turn it in. They rioted against us. They raised only enough grain for themselves. How is your history? What did the great Stalin do?" He chuckled affectionately at the thought of the shrewd old man.

"I don't know," she said faintly. "We're working more on the organizers and early heroes of the class struggle in North America—"

"And quite rightly! I will tell you what the great Stalin did. He waited. He smiled and waited. And then in the late fall of 1933, after months of the Ukrainian nonsense, he confiscated *all* grain and livestock. The foolish peasants died by the millions through the winter. In the spring their broken remnants were easily placed in collective farms where an eye could be kept on them and no foolishness allowed." He dragged deeply on his cigarette and shrugged. "If your countrymen too must learn the difficult way, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics will be a cheerful schoolteacher."

"You make it all so clear, lieutenant," Betsy said, and Sobilov smiled proudly.

As she drove on she reflected that the Ukrainians of 1933 had neither a war plan nor a bombardment satellite.

DECEMBER 14th . . . The raid did not penetrate the cavern under Prospect Hill, to Mr. Sparhawk's faint regret. He thought one really ought to be in that much communication with nature that one was aware of the seasonal cycle, the great rhythm we all echo in our small hurried bodily ticktocking.

He was serving stewed prunes in the cafeteria to Lieut. Colonels Byrne and Petri and he thought it was a good time to tell them about it.

"Sure," Byrne said, eating his stewed prunes. He was a small dark man and Petri was a small fair man. They had arrived separately ten days ago, Byrne the pilot comfortably in a telephone repair truck and Petri the bombardier blue with cold after a ride in an unheated freight car and Betsy's unheated sedan.

"Got any more of these prunes, Pop?" Petri asked. He had gobbled his dish. He was getting a little fat, overdoing his catching up on the scanty meals when he was under cover as a chrome paint sprayer in a Detroit auto plant. Byrne, a Tuskegee graduate, hid out as a Black Belt saloonkeeper in Memphis and had missed no meals.

Mr. Sparhawk brought seconds on prunes. "You young men," he said, "really ought to make some time for a study of Zen. Japanese archers, you know, practice Zen and it makes them the best archers in the world. Qualitatively there's no difference between the ah—task ahead of you and archery. The great thing is to divorce oneself from the rational—to *will*. Let the bow shoot the arrow, not the bowman. Now—"

Petri wiped his mouth and got up. "Pop," he said kindly, "we'd be in a helluva mess if we let that thing fly us instead of vice versa."

"Aw, brother," Byrne said. "Just don't you worry, Pop, we'll fly it okay when the time comes. The prunes were swell. I really like prunes."

Mr. Sparhawk should have done the dishes; instead he trailed them forlornly to the hangar room. There they firmly said good-by and climbed into the suits. A whining hoist descended from the jutting crane arm of Stage 1 and they hooked on and signaled. It lifted them like two drowned trout on a line, turning and swinging a little, into the dim upper reaches of the cavern. Time for another of their interminable dry runs.

Mr. Sparhawk sighed and buttonholed Dr. Dace as the white-haired little engineer hurried past, his arms full of diagrams. Dr. Dace cursed him efficiently for thirty seconds and ordered him back to the kitchen where he was of some use. "And furthermore," Dace snarled in conclusion, "leave my technicians alone, do you understand? There's approximately thirteen hundred man hours of work left to squeeze

"Now for a Golden!" said Goldie

"THE end of a perfect day calls for the perfect companion of happy moments—went on the friendly host.

"You imply that a brilliant catch calls for a brilliant brew?" suggested the man at the other end of the line.

"What else?" said Goldie. "For *Molson's Golden*, with my partner on the label, is light as the feathers on a dry fly, bright and mellow as a summer sunset."

Bright and mellow it is, just the way Canadians asked for it! A little *lighter*, a little *dryer*, *smooth* and gratifying, *Molson's Golden* retains all the zest and authority of a traditional brew. Traditional it is, too—for 169 years of brewing skill have produced this most modern of ales.

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Molson's GOLDEN ALE

m. We're still lacking components. We have no time for your drivel!"

Dr Dace turned and hurtled on his way.

Mr Sparhawk said a prayer for him and went to do the dishes.

"Tonight you'll be called on to fight," Justin said, "or be shot for cowardice."

DECEMBER 20th ... dark and drafty in the Wahrwein's barn at 11:30. The meeting was to begin at midnight. Justin had arrived early to give Hallerith—who used to be Rawson—some bad news.

"It came over the dry wires," he said. "The ticket man got it and passed it to Betsy. She gave it to me in a fake letter. Decoded: no bomb for Chunga County. And you're reprimanded for requesting one."

Hallerith's face went red in the lamplight. He struggled with and gave way to the impulse to curse and rail even in front of a civilian. "I'm supposed to make a fight," he said softly. "I'm supposed to make a fight and cover the bombardment satellite with fifty farmers, some homemade firecrackers and a few 22's. Those fatheaded—!"

"There'll be the last minute round up," Justin said unsympathetically. "And at least we have trucks. And the stuff they're making in the drugstore they don't use in firecrackers."

"How's the making out with the druggists?" Hallerith snapped.

"Winkler's making thermit. He says he doesn't know how to make nitro but the fact is he's scared to try in this weather. Farah is going to make nitro."

"Going to make?"

Justin reflected that General Hallerith had been spoiled by having neatly packaged dynamite and TNT to play with too long. "The fact sheet explained all that. It doesn't keep in the cold, general. Turns into crystals and if one crystal gets nicked—wham. End of drugstore. Don't worry. We'll have the stuff unless they blow themselves up making it fresh, which I understand is also a distinct possibility."

A couple of men came in and headed for the lantern light.

"Christmas Eve," they said.

When the rest arrived the barn began to grow almost comfortable with their body warmth.

Hallerith leaned forward in his gocart and began to speak. "We'll have a report later from each of you on his neighbors," he said. "Tonight I want to make absolutely sure you know what we'll be doing on Christmas Eve. We'll be forcing the Reds to eat their soup with a knife."

II

ON Christmas Eve, December 24th, 8 p.m., Justin was wrinkling his face against a drizzle of sleet and pounding on Croley's locked door. The town of Norton was dark.

Mr Croley's feet eventually sounded on the stairs from his apartment above the store; the door rattled and opened. The storekeeper stood there and waited.

Justin said, "Christmas Eve," and passed him a penny.

"Christmas Eve," Croley said.

Justin took out Hallerith's army .45 and stuck it in the storekeeper's ribs. He said, "I need a steady man with a central location. Open your storeroom. I want the local people's guns and ammunition."

Croley shrugged and said, "I'm being forced," and walked to the storeroom. He winced when Justin ripped off the Red Army seal, but unlocked the door.

"We load these in your truck, Croley," Justin said. From upstairs came a querulous voice. "Tell her it's all right," Justin said.

Croley called back upstairs that it was all right and, moving like a rusty robot, loaded rifles and boxes of ammunition in his truck outside. He broke silence only once to say, "They'll kill you for this, Justin. Don't be crazy." Justin didn't answer.

The storekeeper's eyes widened when Justin told him to get behind the wheel and drive. "Crazy," he spat. "Checkpoint on the highway'll see us go up the hill. They'll phone the road patrol. Next thing, jeeps and armored cars all up and down the farm roads."

"Don't argue. Just drive. To the Medford place first."

Long horn tooting brought out the Medfords. In the headlight's glare Justin handed the old man and his sixteen-year-old boy each a good 30-30 and ammunition.

"These ain't our guns, Billy; we just had little varmint rifles, and anyway what's all this—?"

"We haven't got time to sort them out," Justin lied. "Wait inside. Have a hot meal. A truck'll come by for you."

The boy said joyously, "You mean—?"

"Christmas Eve," Justin said. "What did you think it meant?"

At the Lymans' place up the road Henry Lyman was nothing but trouble. First he didn't want a gun. Next he wanted his own gun, not the 22 that was all Justin thought he rated. Lastly he said he wasn't at all sure he'd come when somebody came in a truck for him; he had himself to think about. Justin told him, "Mr Lyman, you'll be called on to fight for the United States of America tonight. If you refuse to fight, the United States has every right to shoot you for cowardice and every intention of doing so as soon as it has a free moment. Get in your house, have a hot meal and wait for the truck."

"Crazy," Mr Croley muttered as they drove to the next farm.

AT 8 p.m. on Main Street, Chunga Center, Betsy Cardew slipped into the drugstore by the back way. Bald young Harry Farah, R.Ph., started violently over his prescription counter when she spoke. "Got them, Harry?"

"The nitro, yes. I'm finishing the thermit. There was a surprise inspection before I closed up. Went fine. What's to inspect? Nitric acid and glycerol—standard reagents. In the trash can some rust, some dust and some beer cans." He gave her a thin, terrified smile and went on with his work.

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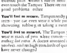

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her counter. He had filled them with rust and dust—iron oxide and powdered aluminum. With deft druggist's fingers he was filling gelatin capsules with barium peroxide and powdered magnesium; into each capsule he slipped a trailing tail of magnesium ribbon. He finished a dozen capsules, slipped them into a dozen beer cans and passed them to Betsy. She had a shopping bag ready for them.

"And the other stuff?"

He took a newspaper from a shelf. Beneath it was a flat box partitioned into nests padded with cotton wool. The eggs in the nests were bottles filled with something that looked like yellow oil. Nitroglycerin.

Farish gave her his terrified smile again and said abruptly, "I'm coming along, Miss Cardew. I'll carry them." He methodically got into his overcoat and wound a scarf around his neck and tucked the padded box under the coat. "Mustn't let them get cold," he said with a near laugh. "And ... I used to pitch in the Little League, Miss Cardew. Between attacks of asthma. Maybe ..." He trailed off.

They went out the back way, she hurrying with her shopping bag through the dark winter street, he following at a good distance. They were heading for the north end of town, the reservoir and pumping station.

AT 9.15 in the garage of the satellite tavern Gus Frimbell lifted General Hollerith out of his gocart and heaved him up into the cab of a red gravel truck. Straps were sewn into the leather seat. Hollerith buckled himself in. Frimbell climbed in and started the motor. It was the signal for fifty motors in fifty trucks driven by fifty hard-core regulars of two weeks' training, to start.

Dr. Dace came running to the red gravel truck and called up to Hollerith, "Give 'em hell, general!"

Hollerith, like a good general, beamed with confidence. "The old one-two, Doc!" His eyes were haunted.

He raised his arm and dropped it. The exquisitely counterpoised trap door in the good-bad road hoisted up and a drizzle of freezing rain whispered down the tunnel. The trucks began to roll out.

AT 9.30 the two NKVD guards were pacing their slow patrol before the Chicago Center Pumping Station—a red-brick scaled-down castle with false crenelations and two towers that looked like chess pieces. Behind it the solid wall of the reservoir.

Betsy Cardew and Harry Farish watched from the shadows. Farish's teeth were chattering. "We better not get any closer," he said. "The machine guns on the roof."

It was about fifteen yards from the board fence where they crouched to the little castle. "They ought to be heavier," Betsy said fretfully. "You should have put them in heavy bottles or wrapped them with wire or something. The pamphlet said all that."

"I forgot," Farish said miserably. "I can go back and—"

"No," she said. "There's no time." And she wrinkled her face, trying to think, trying not to cry. The pamphlet assumed the bottles would be heavy enough for a solid throw. The pamphlet assumed the druggist would have nerves of steel and the soul of a punch card, omitting not one step of the twenty it listed. The pamphlet had to assume so, and the pamphlet was wrong. Many things would go wrong that night, Betsy suddenly realized. She stood in paralysis watching the sentries pace, realizing that every mistake would be paid for to the last penny—"

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"... throwing one," she said to Farish.

He eased a small bottle from its nest and pulled off his right glove with his teeth. He went into a rusty windup and hurled the bottle.

It made a very sharp loud noise that rocked them back and made the board fence ripple against them. It wasn't at all the dull reverberating boom Betsy had prepared herself for but more like the crack of a gigantic whip.

There didn't seem to be a second's pause before the reaction from the pumping station guard detachment came. Floodlights glared out and in the frosty air they heard clanks from the roof as the section of machine guns was fully loaded and unlimbered. The two guards shouted at each other and crouched, unslinging their tommy guns and moving right across the little plaza to the edge of shadow.

The nitro bottle had pocked up the pavement yards from the door. Total failure. The sentries, ready to fire from the hip, were almost upon the fence that sheltered them.

Farish said abruptly, "Good-by, Betsy," which was the first time the bold young man had dared call Miss Cardew from up the hill by her first name. In floodlight filtering through cracks in the fence she saw the silly, terrified grin on his face. He vaulted the fence into the light and cried, his hands up, "I surrender! I give up!"

There was a wild burst of shots from one of the startled guards; they stitched the fence not far from Betsy's head. Through a crack she saw Farish talking earnestly to the guards. His hands up high, they were marching him to the pumping station. She stayed there shivering with the cold for two minutes. If nothing happened she'd have to make a try with her thermit.

But there was the whipcrack again, enormously louder this time, and the floodlights went out and fragments rained about her. One brick smashed through the fence like an artillery shell, whistling.

Perhaps, she thought, he swung one of them as they'd shot; or perhaps he fell forward and broke the bottles next to his chest—or perhaps he repented of the whole thing; perhaps he had been frantically undressing to ease the bottles to a table somewhere, and his nervous hand and the cold detonated them all.

She would never know the answer, she thought, but the results were coming thick and fast. Lights were blinking on in windows; the strident ringing of telephones had already begun. Neighbors were calling from porch to porch.

And the reservoir was cracked.

It was nothing spectacular. It was just water beginning to rill from the crack in the face, bubbling into the gutters, slopping over a little onto the sidewalks, bubbling and racing on its way through town to the storm sewers of the business section which would convey it harmlessly into the river.

Betsy got up creakily and walked a block into the darkness. She found a big frame house where lights shone upstairs as some family—whose?—chattered about the explosion and wondered if it should call up or go out and see or what. She took a beer can from her shopping bag and snapped her lighter. The twist of magnesium ribbon trailing from the can caught suddenly and with chemical explosive violence; burning metal sputtered and seared the flesh of her hand. She hissed with the pain and flung the star-bright flare under the big wooden porch. She should have moved on at once. Instead she dubiously watched and wondered. The ignited capsule caught. Then slowly the iron-aluminum reaction began. In twenty seconds the beer can melted into a puddle of orange-white brilliance that crawled in an amoeboid fashion. The porch flooring above it caught, then the porch posts, then the siding of the house.

Betsy moved on amid screams from windows. At the next block she went down an alley and lobbed a beer can against a smaller house. At the next block she tied one against the foundation of a row of shops and ignited it and walked away, not looking back. Chicago Center was beginning to wake up screaming. The streets were filling with people wearing coats over pyjamas. The fires were spreading, of course, even though the volunteer hose company had come zooming from its garage; there was no pressure at the hydrants. Harry Farish had seen to that. Betsy Cardew became one among hundreds of dazed-looking women wandering through blazing streets with a shopping bag in her hand, here and there stopping to do something with a can from the bag.

When she saw a well of flame ahead of her she knew that Mr. Hosmer, the railroad ticket man, had done his job too, working his way north with the other druggist's thermit. She headed for the post office, her face streaked with tears and soot.

BY 10.45 Justin, in Croley's truck, had met the convoy and passed out the rest of his rifles. There was almost murder done when some of the men saw Croley driving. The old storekeeper put on his accustomed contemptuous silence in the face of their threats. Justin told the men to leave him alone and they almost backed away, but it was Hollerith who acted like a general and saved Croley's life.

"You men," he roared at the loudest of them, "are in the army!" In retrospect, thought Justin, it was a silly thing to say. It was even demonstrably untrue; they were bandit terrorists according to the prevailing law of the land. By a generous construction of the rules of warfare, irregular partisans at the most. But somehow the word *army* from Hollerith's mouth canceled all that.

So it was that Hollerith's truck and Croley's stood abreast at the intersection of the highway and the Norton road and down the highway glowed the light in the roadblock that used to be a truck weighing station. They were waiting for the rest of the convoy to rendezvous, each truck with its load of hastily awakened, hastily armed farmers who knew only that it was Christmas Eve and that their neighbors were telling them, "Fight or die now."

Hollerith was twiddling the dials of a command radio set in the cab of his truck, loot from the cavern. It crackled Russian wherever he turned it. Croley complained to Justin, "My feet's freezing. Whyn't you drive for a spell?"

"All right," Justin said and they shifted seats. Croley stamped his feet against the floor boards and grumbled, "Damn foolishness. Get us all shot."

Justin said, "If you can't stand the suspense, get out and start running. You'll get shot that much sooner. By me."

Croley was lugubrious. "Yeens, sonny," he muttered. "What I can't see is a steady man like that Rawson chargin' around. Him you call Hollerith now."

Justin repeated his suggestion.

"Don't talk foolish," Croley said testily. "Think I'm a nut? I'll go along. I'll go along with anybody. Doesn't matter who."

And Justin sensed Croley did not realize he was degrading himself below the level of mankind to say such a thing, to be such a thing as he was—

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The sky lightened glaringly to the north then subsided to a dimmer glow.

"General!" Justin yelled. He cranked down his window, reached over and jabbed Hollerith. "Look!"

Hollerith turned from his radio, blinking, and awakened to the north sky. He whipped out a compass, took a bearing on the centre of the lightness. His face broke out into a grinny grin. "Elmira!" he breathed. "Elmira! The air base and the gas depot. No Sturmoviks tonight, Billy! They got Elmira!"

Okay—what handful of desperately frightened men? had got Elmira and solved General Hollerith's pressing problem of air attack. And elsewhere? Justin asked.

"The radio's pretty hot," Hollerith said, indulging the civilian situation. "Every commander's yelling for Washington but Washington doesn't care at all. They should be transmitting in code," he said with a momentary frown. "It's elementary that modern guerrillas will have an RT intercept service. I'm surprised at them."

Justin begged for detail. Hollerith genially translated snatches. "Tank park in Rochester says its vehicles are out—sugar in the gas tanks. Speaking of sugar, did Gribble get off?"

"He got off," Justin said. "Like a child. Betsy delivered the uniform, he filled his pockets and away he went. What else is going on?"

"Well, a smug MVD general in New Orleans says the situation is under control, brief and petty insurrection well in hand—but they were supposed to get two suitcase bombs. I wonder who goofed? Never occurred to me that New Orleans would be under the MVD, but I suppose it's only natural. They're a stiff-necked people. It took old Silver Spoons Butler to handle them in the Civil War. And let's see, the Transport Overcommand is pulling rank from Pittsburgh. They want all units to furnish via their own trucks twenty percent of their strength for immediate and vital rail, highway and harbor repair. And there's some Chinese coming in from the west, but I don't know the language."

"What about the satellite?" asked Justin.

The general said with elaborate detachment, "Not my baby. Couldn't say, Billy." He glanced at his watch. "Where are the rest of the trucks? Billy, run and take a look up Oak Hill Road, see if there's any headlights coming our way. We have to take the blockhouse sooner or later."

Justin saw no headlights.

"I guess they're held up a little," Hollerith said. "Let's go get that road block now."

Justin was speechless for a long moment. He said at last, "You mean us?"

Hollerith lost his temper. "And just who in hell did you think I meant, the Fighting Sixty Ninth? I mean us. Frimblatt and I will roll up with our lights on. You and Croley ride in the back. Drop off and walk the last hundred feet. Frimblatt'll gun the motor and I'll keep 'em busy with small talk in broken Russian. Then you shoot 'em from the dark. Croley, you got a rifle? Take my carbine."

"I don't trust Croley," Justin said flatly.

"Billy," said Hollerith, "I've had considerable experience with both turncoats and reorganizing war-disrupted area. We're going to need Croley and we can trust him. He'll stay bought."

Croley snorted in the dark. Justin and he got out and climbed into the back of the other truck.

The little raid went like clockwork. The two Russian soldiers, gesticulating in the light, collapsed like puppets with cut strings under the murderous fire of Justin and Croley from twenty feet away.

It was Justin's first personal killing. Like most frontline soldiers of the twentieth century he had done his firing at two or three hundred yards, aiming at impersonal specks which usually dropped when he fired, giving him no clear idea as to whether they were killed, wounded or taking cover. He felt sick and shaken. Not so Croley. The old man inspected the two Russians and said, "Dirty skunks."

"You did business with them," Justin said frostily.

"I can do business with anybody. But you think I *liked* them going over the books, bothering a man all the time? Things are going to be better if we get away from this."

It was as good a revolutionary manifesto, perhaps, as was ever spoken.

Hollerith was eased down from the truck and into his gocart by Frimblatt and Justin. He muscled himself into the blockhouse and called to them to bring the radio in and then stay outside on guard.

"Rank has its privileges," he said, gratefully turning up a kerosene heater. "And I see they had a pot of tea brewing. Croley, pour me a cup and help yourself."

Frimblatt popped in. "Headlights," he said. "It's either our boys or the whole Red Army."

"Debrief them, Billy," said Hollerith. "Get 'em into some kind of formation. Yell 'Attention!' when I come out to talk."

Practically every man in the fifty trucks had gone through military training; there was little confusion. There seemed to be about two hundred, gathered by scouring the hills for all males of sixteen and over. Justin got them into ranks grouped on the fifty men who had received some briefings over the past two weeks.

Hollerith's speech went like this: "Christmas Eve. It's here. I'm General Hollerith. And you, my friends, are the Army of the United States. See the sky to the west? That's Chaunga Center, burning to the ground. You heard some thunder a while ago? It wasn't thunder; it was the Susquehanna bridges being blown.

"The Red troops in the Center have got to pull up and march. Their food dumps have been burned. We've destroyed their water supply. We've cut their highway and rail lines so they have no way of getting any more. Right through here is the only way they can march.

"We have to knock out their trucks and kill their commanders. We have to leave them starving, frozen stragglers in our hills where we can kill them on our own terms. They are a regiment—about a thousand of them. There are about two hundred of you. You have rifles and an average of two dozen rounds apiece. For you crow-shooting deer-hunting SOBs that should be plenty. Leaders take your groups and move out."

He wheeled his gocart about and rolled into the blockhouse. Justin followed and closed the door.

The general said, not looking around, in a hoarse whisper, "But will they?"

Justin looked and said, "Sure. There they go. Whooping and yelling, too."

The general said, "They must be nuts," and turned on the radio.

AT 11.30 p.m. in the vehicle park of the MVD detachment in Chaunga Center the man called Gribble was doing the job he had demanded, fought, even brokenly wept for.

The park was the drill field back of the high-school building, and it was in ordered confusion. The vicious incendiary fires lapped at the rim of the field, dying now as century-old houses crumbled into orange-flecked charcoal. A tide of people surged against the field's fence and was turned back repeatedly by soldiers who clubbed and jabbed with their rifles. Within the line of troops the MVD regiment was forming for motor convoy. The colonel was doing the obvious, inevitable thing. Without food and water soldiers cannot live; therefore the regiment must go to food and water.

The trucks were ready and waiting.

Somebody shouted something at Gribble. He said, "Da," saluted and hurried on. He was wearing a homemade imitation of the MVD green uniform. The green would never pass by daylight, nor would the ludicrous imitations of leather belt and puttees, but it was not necessary for them to pass by daylight.

Gribble was looking for the field kitchen and found it. The cooks, overcoats on top of their whites, were serving out for the road to the troopers hunks of solid black bread and dippers of tea from great boilers. Against the blazing background of the school building the men filed past, one hand out for the bread, canteen cup out for the tea. There were five boilers left when Gribble found the tent; he didn't know how many had already been emptied. As he watched the cooks came to the bottom of one boiler; they yanked it back into the tent and shoved another into place at the serving counter. As he watched the rear fly of the tent was pulled, folded and hurled aboard the mess truck; the tent was disintegrating from the rear under the practiced attack of the cooks. Gribble drifted among them, among the three

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boilers of tea in reserve despite their warning shouts. When they were all struggling with a big side fly he impartially sweetened the boilers of tea with white powder from his pockets.

He had morbidly asked about it and learned that the stuff was arsenious trioxide procured from the rental shop of Corning Glass.

He wandered off foggily. There was a spark in the fog which wanted him to run screaming to the cooks and tell them he had poisoned the good tea; that they must stop serving it to the soldiers. He saw them drain the boilers of the counter, hurl it back and dang forward the next.

He knew by then that he was a monster. Who but a monster could do what he had done, slaying five thousand devoted servicemen and engineers by the simple closing of a door? Now causing the horrible death of how many young soldiers he did not know?

He screamed and began to run away from himself, hurtling into tents, trucks, soldiers. Somebody seized him by the front of his coat and slapped his face sharply; he broke loose and ran again. Then there was a brief interlude under a flashlight during which sharp questions rang in his ears and he could answer them only by weeping.

It ended with a tremendous padded blow on the back of his neck, which was all he felt of the lieutenant's pistol bullet destroying his brain. He never knew hundreds of soldiers squirming themselves settled in the trucks were at that very moment complaining about food as soldiers always do. They said their tea was too sweet.

III

AT 11:30 Justin was establishing the first roadblock in the path of the MVD motor convoy five miles east of the highway from Chicago Center. Heading a commando of five anonymous men and boys whom he didn't know, he steered his truck athwart the two-lane concrete strip and ordered them out. The six of them grunted and strained in the icy night, rocking the truck on its springs, trying to tip it over. It swayed farther and farther with each shove; on the twentieth it almost heeled but then crashed back solidly on its four wheels while the six men stood panting and beaten.

"Lights," said a sixteen-year-old boy named Sheppard. The aura of headlights was just becoming visible over a rise to the east. They scrambled for the roadside and into the brush about ten yards.

"Remember what I told you," Justin whispered. "Don't look at their headlights at all. Officers first. When they come after us, fall back and snipe the main body of the convoy."

"Yeah," the Sheppard boy whispered, fascinated.

The aura of light became beams and then blazing pairs of eyes. "*Don't look*," said Justin.

The lights snapped out fast when they picked up the truck. The advance guard—it was six jeeps—knew a roadblock wasn't a roadblock unless it was defended. By starlight and a little more the commando saw MVD men scrambling out and flattening on the road. One soldier talked hardly into a radio before getting out. Justin discovered that he couldn't tell insignia.

"Forget what I said about officers," he said. "Fire and fall back—then west."

He aimed into a clump of three men who were belly down on the road peering off the roadside and whispering. At least one had to be an officer or noncom giving orders. He fired six shots from his carbine at the range he couldn't miss. All three men floundered and yelled.

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Around him blazed the rifles of his men firing at what he didn't know.

A command in Russian from the road and the MVD men uncertainly began to fire in their general direction; somebody had seen muzzle-flash from one of the old guns. The bullets whistled above them (people fire high in the dark) except for one that slapped with a meaty *chunk* in young Sheppard's head. Justin scooped up the boy's weapon, rifle and box of ammunition. "Fall back," he said.

They clustered tight behind him, tramping and talking until he cursed them. He headed right, guided by glimpses of the white road in starlight seen through ragged trees until there were the brighter lights of the convoy to guide them. They had stopped one mile west from the point but had not yet blacked out. Justin fell farther back into the woods, saw the black hump of a little rise and crawled up it on his belly.

"Don't fire," he whispered. "Something's going on."

One truck was emptying; that would be a platoon sent forward to reinforce the point and get the truck off the road. In the headlights half the platoon seemed to be drunk; they were lurching and holding their stomachs. Justin could barely make out features when they swayed across a headlight's beam. They were in agony and Justin knew what it meant. Gribble had made it with his white arsenic. Good-by, Gribble, insurance executive, security officer, hatchet man, prisoner, child of self torment.

Some men were hanging from the other trucks vomiting.

"Fire off your rounds," Justin said. "Officers and noncoms. Then we get out of here and back to the roadblock."

They spread out along the rise and began to squeeze off careful shots. Justin fired four times at a shouting, waving captain and missed all four times. Grinding his teeth he hurled his carbine aside and blazed away wildly with young Sheppard's .22; just before the convoy lights went out he dropped his man.

They had lost their night vision watching the convoy. They stumbled and crashed their way east along the roadside until it slowly returned. They heard shots behind them and then machine-gun fire. It was probably another commando sniping the convoy from its left flank and getting worse than it gave.

They hugged the roadside, passing other roadblock trucks, some successfully toppled, on their way back to the weighing-station commando post.

Justin went in and told Hollerith, "We lost one man and wasted a lot of ammunition but one truck stopped them temporarily five miles out of town. Gribble got through with his sugar; my guess is one man in four affected."

"Good," Hollerith said. "Have some tea."

Justin gulped a tin cup of scalding tea from the top of the kerosene heater. "What about the satellite?" he asked.

Hollerith said tightly, "One man said he believes he saw it take off at 11:45 but he wasn't certain. I was busy at the time."

One of the trained men came in, wild-eyed and bleeding from a crudely wrapped wound in his left hand. "Hi, Rawson," he said. General Hollerith looked annoyed. "We got there second," the man said. "Some other gang was banging away and they blacked out. They fired at us a lot and a machine gun killed both my brothers. With the same burst."

"What did you see?" Hollerith urged.

The man rambled. "They looked sick, lots of them. They unloaded a lot of them—men and their medics with the bandages and a lot of blankets. Left 'em right there in the road and the trucks moved on up with their lights out and soldiers out beating the bushes on each side of the road."

"That's fine," Hollerith said quietly. "About five miles an hour in low gear?"

"That'd be about right," the man said. "Did I tell you they killed James and Henry? My brothers."

Hollerith said, "Have some tea, Hanson. Take it outside with you." He nodded to Justin, who put a mug of tea in the man's unwounded hand and gently steered him from the little house. Hanson sat down and began to cough. Justin walked away when the coughs turned into sobs.

THERE were headlights coming down Oak Hill Road off the highway. The car made the turn and

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FATHER'S DAY - JUNE 19 *Remember Him with a Gift of Distinction*

"The satellite was launched at 11.45!" Could they still wreck the Red convoy?

headed for the command post stopping a hundred feet away. Justin didn't know how he knew but he was sure it was Betsy. She was soot-stained and bedraggled and about she carried a bulging shopping bag. He took her in to Hollerith. She laid down the shopping bag carefully and began to unpack it on the general's table. She said, "Winkler had a sudden rush of courage. He met me at the post-office garage with this stuff. Extra thermit he turned out and some nitro in flat bottles."

"How's the Center?" snapped Hollerith.

"Still burning I guess," she said listlessly. "What about the satellite?"

Hollerith said in a low venomous voice, "To hell with the satellite. How am I supposed to know about the satellite? Maybe it's crashed in Nebraska or the Atlantic by now. Maybe it never got up. Maybe it's on its way into the sun. I'm no mind reader, Miss Cardew, so kindly shut up about the satellite."

Stan Potocki came in and looked apologetic. "Gus got killed," he said. "One of their patrols tossed grenades when they heard us. Blown to hell. But I guess you want a report. The convoy is proceeding east on the highway under blackout with flank patrols. They are stopping from time to time to move our roadblocks. They are moving maybe three miles an hour I figure because their walking patrols aren't having any trouble keeping up. I don't know whether our sniping is having any real effect on them except to kill a few of their people. They're going to get through, general."

"Thanks, Potocki," Hollerith said. "We've got some stuff here for you to lay in their path. It's nitroglycerine, handle with care. Mess all these together, maybe we can crater the road. Put it where one of our roadblock trucks'll run over it when they move it. And send in anybody outside who wants a job."

Two exhausted men came in and saluted shamefacedly. Hollerith gave them the thermit bombs. "Take these to the top of the old Lehigh cut. They're incendiaries, you just light them. Got matches? Here, take mine. You ought to get some fine results from dropping them into open personnel trucks."

The man grinned, took the shopping bag and left. "Young Joe Firstman. They killed his father a few days ago," Hollerith told Justin in an aside. To the other man he said, "Take those dinner plates out of that cabinet there. Yes, that's what I said! I want you to lay 'em face down in the road between Truck Six and Truck Seven."

"Aw," the man said incredulously.

"Listen," Hollerith said patiently. "I mean what I say. It'll cost them ten minutes and thirty men if our shooting is any good. They'll see them, they'll know they're plates and still won't dare roll over them until their bomb-disposal men have come up and removed them. Is that clear?"

"I guess so," the man said doubtfully and took the plates and went out.

"[illegible] he goes off," said Hollerith, looking after him dismally.

Mr. Sparhawk entered and came to a beef-eating, pukka British salute before Hollerith. "Sir," he said, "I have the honor to report that the satellite vessel was launched at 11.45 hours. Dr. Dace said that all appeared to be well on radar track. He instructed me to take a recon car and report."

"Thank you," Hollerith said. "Now everybody be quiet and let me think. Very shortly the Reds will decide they won't be made to eat soup with a knife. They'll pull in their flank guards, turn on their lights and go barreling through, taking their losses and consoling themselves with thoughts of coming back and killing us bandit terrorists one each at a time. I think they'll reach the decision at about oh-oh-one-five. Justin, sound the recall, check the wind and give 'em gas."

Justin went outside, Betsy trailing after, and cranked a siren on a truck loaded with long cylinders from the satellite cavern. "Betsy," he said, "this stuff is chlorine. I'm going to drive east to the cut about three miles from here. If the wind is right I open the valves for the Red convoy to run into a cloud of the stuff. Will you tail me in your car so I can hop in and get back here? By then the command post will be dismantled and we'll all be heading for high ground."

"All right," she said.

IV

ON Christmas morning, at 12.30 a.m., General Hollerith, Justin, Betsy, Mr. Croley and Mr. Sparhawk were in Sparhawk's recon car on the ridge road with a view of the chlorine-filled cut below.

"I was right," Hollerith said abstractedly. "Here they come."

With headlights on, the convoy was rolling eastward at fair speed. Into the chlorine.

It was easy to imagine the hellish confusion below. Headlight beams angled crazily as drivers found themselves retching over their wheels in the trucks. Dazed soldiers must have been scrabbling wildly under useless blankets, mess gear and overcoats for long-forgotten gas masks. Some trucks butted into the walls of the cut. But slowly, slowly, the convoy reformed and limped on.

Hollerith was swearing under his breath. At last he said: "We didn't smash them badly." The radio in the recon car squawked in Chinese. "What's happened elsewhere we don't know yet. Compared to what I privately expected it's been a howling success. If it could be followed up—but of course it can't be followed up. It was a one-punch affair. If the Reds had broken and scattered it would have been ..." He sighed. "But they're going to make it through to Rochester or Syracuse or wherever they're headed and they'll regroup and ..." He sighed again.

The radio switched from Chinese to Russian. The general's head snapped sharply toward the speaker and he said, "I bet that was it. English next."

The radio said: "M.S. One to Earth. To the peoples of Russia and China. This is Military Satellite One of the United States Armed Forces broadcasting. We hereby deliver the following ultimatum. Your occupation troops in North America must surrender within twenty-four hours. Repatriation of North American prisoners of war must begin within twenty-four hours. Unless these demands are met the cities of Moscow and Peiping will be destroyed. If the demands are still not met within a further twenty-four hours the cities of Leningrad and Hong Kong will be destroyed. If our demands are not met we shall continue destroying Russian and Chinese cities at twenty-four-hour intervals until our stock of hydrogen weapons is exhausted. We shall then drop cobalt bombs on Russia and China which will wipe out all life in those areas. Peoples of Russia and China, make your rulers heed while you can. It is your rulers alone who condemn you to certain death if they refuse our ultimatum."

The voice switched to Chinese again. They stood in utter silence through a complete replay of the ultimatum in three languages. The general reached out at last and gently turned a switch and the radio fell silent. "That will do it," he said softly. "Feng and Novikov are stubborn, but when their cities begin to go they'll come around—or be deposed by rulers who will come around."

"So it's all over," Betsy said wonderingly.

Hollerith's face was a mixture of bitterness and defiant pride. "No," he said. "We've got to start work on people immediately. They mustn't make that mistake, not ever. It isn't over and it'll never be over. What happens next is the Reds build a bombardment satellite of their own secretly in spite of all the controls we clamp on them. It'll take them a few years. We use those years to build a better satellite that'll shoot them out of the sky, but they'll know that so theirs will be armed and steerable. Don't ever think it'll be over. There's always going to be work for people like me."

Sparhawk was down on his knees talking quietly. "Deliver me, O Lord, from the evil man: preserve me from the violent man; which imagine mischiefs in their hearts; continually are they gathered together for war."

Justin noted that he was praying not to Annie Besant or the Zoo Patriarchs or to Vishnu but to the God of his Sunday school and regimental worship. He wondered if somehow the past night had burned away a great deal of wordy nonsense from Mr. Sparhawk's brain and left the pure metal of worship.

"Croley," General Hollerith was saying, "this is where you come in. We now have hell's own problem of supply and housing. I suppose I'm the government hereabouts now, but I'm going to be a very busy man making the Reds decent prisoners of war, not turning into bandits and scavengers. I'm going to delegate food supply to you. You know rationing procedures from your business and you know where and who the jobbers and wholesalers are. Think you can handle it?"

"Might," said Croley.

"Billy," the general said, "you're a good man and we need you. You can be my right arm in this prisoner of war roundup deal or you can work with Croley here getting the food lines in operation again. What's the matter?"

Billy Justin, imperfect commercial artist, thirty-eight years old, a pensioned veteran of Korea, for years a dairy farmer and one year a conspirator, trigger man of the weapon that held Earth hostage, newly and suddenly seeker of God, said over his shoulder to Hollerith: "Nothing's the matter, general. I just decided I couldn't work with you or Croley. No offense, I hope."

He knelt beside Mr. Sparhawk, who was praying: "Put up again thy sword into his place: for they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Ye lust, and have not: ye kill, and desire to have, and cannot obtain: ye fight and war, because ye ask not."

They stared at Billy Justin but after a while Betsy came and joined him. ★

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

clothesline to dry as soon as you get home, because damp canvas mildews and rots.

Not essential but worth plenty in bad weather is a tarpaulin with attached tie ropes. It will serve as an upright windbreak or awning as a cooking-and-eating shelter in rain. In a two-day rain a tent can become a jail cell.

Most auto campers sleep in blankets, but they are quite impractical. You need at least three per person, as well as a waterproof sheet to keep out ground dampness. Camp cots are too bulky unless you are towing a trailer, and the traditional camp bed of boughs is out of the question for auto campers. If every camper cut a bough bed every night our highway campsites would soon look as barren as the Sahara. So get air mattresses then sleeping bags and leave the bough beds for the armchair campers to build dreams around.

Rubberized or plastic air mattresses cost about ten dollars each. Deflated, they fold up neatly in a small space; inflated, they provide excellent insulation against cold and dampness and a comfortable bed with blankets or a sleeping bag. Some campers don't like air mattresses, complaining that they let you down literally at the worst time (the middle of the night). It has rarely happened to us and punctures are easily repaired with the patching kits provided.

For the ultimate in camp comfort you can't beat an air mattress and sleeping bag right on the ground. Cheapest sleeping bags—ten or twelve dollars—are filled with cotton batting, and after a year or so the filling lumps up toward the bottom, which is fine for keeping feet warm but leaves your shoulders outdoors. Thirty or forty dollars will buy a respectable wool or feather filled bag. Don't buy a $125 eiderdown Arctic bag for summer camping even if you can afford one, because they are much too hot.

You may not have to pay thirty dollars each for sleeping bags if you haunt the war-surplus stores and watch for bargains. We picked up three excellent used bags that way for five dollars each. Marg fitted them with new flannelette linings and gabardine covers. Now we have about $175 worth of sleeping bags which cost us about sixty five dollars.

Sleeping bags should be turned inside out and aired in the sun every few days, because they must be dry to be warm. Don't do what some of our camping friends did—they covered their bags with a watertight and airtight plastic, thinking it would keep them dry, but it trapped body vapor and the bags after a few nights were like dishrags. On cold or damp nights take your clothes into the bag with you; they'll be dry and warm in the morning and you can put on everything except your shoes before crawling out. For real luxury have your camp stove within reach and brew a pot of coffee before getting up. In fact you can have breakfast in bed if you feel like it.

Camp Chairs Are Handy

Pull the stopper from your air mattress before rising and your weight will help deflate it. When incompletely deflated a mattress packs up like a balloon, taking two or three times as much space as it needs to.

A gasoline stove is not essential but firewood is often scarce around camp sites and when you pull in late after an all day drive you may not have time to find firewood before dark. But, when there is time, cooking over a wood fire is one of camping's pleasures. There may be times when the forest-fire hazard is high and campfires not permitted. Without a stove you too will learn to like cold wieners.

There are numerous other nonessential but nice-to-have-along items. A portable icebox will cut down your dependence on cans and dried foods. In auto camping you can usually restock daily with perishables like milk and fresh meat. Most campsites have tables but a folding metal table and stools will be useful, especially on rainy days, for eating inside the tent. The same goes for an aluminum fold-up chair. We managed for a couple of summers without a gasoline lantern and then wondered why after we acquired one.

Other odds and ends that you might not think of: first aid kit, needle and thread, a clothesline with pegs attached, flashlight, insect spray bomb. Take soap that floats or you'll lose it the first time you wash in a lake. A thermos jug is useful for carrying water for lunch when you're traveling, but a canvas water bag is better. Hang the bag filled with water on the front of the car and the air flow will keep it cool. Canvas gloves are handy for working around a fire with hot pots and they'll also prevent blistered hands if you're not accustomed to splitting firewood or rowing. If your tent has a sewed-in floor take along a child's play broom for sweeping out the sand and debris that gets tracked inside. If you are using a gasoline stove, carry pliers because the cap on the fuel tank is often too tight for fingers. You'll also need a small funnel for refueling.

But don't stock up with things just because they might come in handy. Remember you will be living largely out of the trunk of a car for two weeks and the more you have along the harder it will be to find an article when you need it. A good rule is to leave at home everything you won't be using every day.

Camp food lists require careful planning if you are carrying everything in a pack on your back or by canoe, but in auto camping you can shop when you please. You won't roast prime ribs of beef on a gasoline stove or wood fire but you shouldn't fry everything either because a sudden switch to an all-fried diet can turn your stomach against camping. There is a wide variety of stewed and boiled meats, and with a reflector oven or tin foil for wrapping foods you can bake biscuits, meats and vegetables.

Should you take the dog? Many auto campers do and a city dog set loose in the woods has a wonderful time. On the other hand it may be a nuisance if it tangles with a porcupine or skunk, as it is quite likely to do, and it may delay getaways by being missing just when you're ready to hit the road. But cats aren't campers. Dogs become attached to people and will stay with you when traveling; cats become attached to a place and the first night out a cat is likely to start back home.

You'll learn new camping tricks every trip. Last August when it turned cool and night temperatures dropped to freezing in northern Ontario, we discovered that rocks heated on a grate over a campfire and moved into the tent before bedtime made good radiant heaters. But don't try this with porous rocks like sandstone, because these absorb water and can explode from the steam pressure generated within them. A heavy canvas dunnage bag soaked in a lake or stream and then placed in the shade makes a good cooler for milk, meat and butter, because evaporation keeps the inside of the bag cool. From a Michigan camper on the north shore of Lake Superior once we learned that a coating of soap rubbed on cooking pots prevents soot from baking onto them if you use a wood fire. However we have decided that keeping the outside of camp cooking utensils clean is needless work. Black pots absorb more heat and cook faster. We use three billy cans for cooking because they have no projecting handles, pack neatly inside each other and will hang over a fire as well as sit on a grate. Each billy can has a cotton bag to keep the soot from wiping off when the gear is packed for traveling.

Let's take a look now at what we got last summer for that $2.08 per person per day.

The departure is always the hardest part of a camp trip. I packed tent, sleeping bags, air mattresses, ground sheets, tarp, camp table and folding stools on the roof carrier of the car the night before. But it was 1.30 the next afternoon, a Saturday in mid August, before food and everything else was stowed in the trunk. We were barely out of Toronto when we had to stop at a roadside picnic table for lunch. It was 3.45 before we were really on the way. Our first destination, the Ontario provincial campsite at Lake of Two Rivers in Algonquin Park, about 190 miles.

It had been dark an hour when we turned into the campsite road, so familiar from previous years. The Two Rivers campsite has a good bathing beach for children, flush toilets and a picturesque north-country setting so it's popular with campers. It was crowded when we arrived. Fires were flickering everywhere. Here and there children were toasting marshmallows and men were preparing fishing tackle for next day. A haze curled the wood smoke had that sharp unmistakable pine-sharp smell and we felt a familiar refreshing tingle of excitement.

Tent sites were hard to find in the dark but another camper spotted our loaded car as we drove past and led us to a spot vacated that afternoon. He helped me pitch the tent by the headlights of the car while Marg pumped up the stove and began warming a couple of cans of Irish stew. The children started blowing up air mattresses (you can carry a hand pump for this job if you wish but we never have) and by the time dinner was ready our five beds were laid out inside the tent. An hour after we had pulled in, the children had squirmed down into their sleeping bags and like bugs in cocoons were already asleep. We washed the

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dishes, listened to the loons for a few minutes, then hit the sacks ourselves.

The ranger in charge of the campsite, Ken Moore, was around early next morning to see that we were satisfactorily settled. He remembered us from previous years and greeted us like cousins. In our experience all campsite rangers have been friendly and helpful but Moore, a short chatty soft-spoken chap, is a bit more friendly and helpful than most. While he helped us set up a fireplace of stones he told us that they were enlarging the cleared camping area to thirty-five acres to accommodate the demand for tent space. "People don't have to rough it when they camp now," he said. "Lots of people bring radios. Everybody's taking up camping it seems."

Some Carry a Play Pen

We met some of our neighbors and talked shop about camping. Some drive on to a new campsite almost every day. Others like Mrs. Gordon Saville of Toronto spend the whole summer in one spot. Saville drives his wife and four children to Lake of Two Rivers early every summer with a big ten-by-twelve tent and a trailer loaded with equipment, then goes back to the city and visits them week ends. Mrs. Saville and the children spend the summer in what amounts to a canvas cottage furnished with chairs, table and sleeping cots.

On the other side of us was George Pike, a Montreal railroader, with his wife and three boys, who had ground sheets, blankets and little else. "We're going to have air mattresses and sleeping bags for next year," Pike said. Another family was camping with a baby and their camp equipment included a play pen.

We spent four days at Lake of Two Rivers swimming, fishing, hiking along the park's labeled nature trails. But we intended eventually to reach the broad little-used beaches of Lake Superior's north shore, so it was time to move on. We rose early on the fifth day, had a quick breakfast of bacon and egg sandwiches, which eliminated dishwashing, then everyone pitched in, rolling up sleeping bags and taking down the tent. Marg made sandwiches and a thermos of tea so we wouldn't have to stop long for lunch. But we were using a car-top carrier without a luggage bag, which made a lot of careful lashing necessary. It was close to eleven before we were on the road.

We camped two nights at another provincial campsite on a picturesque point of Lake Temagami. We had to stay the second night because we used up a whole day on one of the Lake Temagami boat cruises. Again it was eleven before we got away.

To avoid unpacking tent and sleeping bags from the roof carrier and to give us an earlier getaway next morning, we spent that night in a roadside cabin at Blind River. We shunned the housekeeping cabins and sought out a cheaper sleeping-only cabin. Next morning we were on the highway soon after eight, without breakfast. When the sun came out and began to warm the landscape we stopped at a roadside table and fried bacon and eggs.

That afternoon north of Sault Ste. Marie we stopped to fish at the foot of the Chippewa River falls, then went on north to the goal we had planned months before—the tremendous, silvery empty beaches of Lake Superior's Pancake Bay. Here are beaches miles long with the craggy Algoma hills rising behind them, yet few people except Sunday picnickers from the Soo ever reach them. There are campsites with toilets and the odd picnic table, part of a widespread chain the Department of Highways maintains throughout Ontario, but last summer we shared a mile of beach with only two other campers.

One of our neighboring camps was that of Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Hardy of Elmira, Ont. While driving to Ottawa three years ago the Hardys stopped to look over the campsite on Black Lake, near Perth. This pretty lakeshore park appealed to them so much that they decided to take up camping. They bought a stove and tent when they reached Ottawa and have been keen campers ever since. Last summer at French River they had one of those accidents that fortunately happen to campers only rarely. On a wet cold night a skunk got inside their tent, couldn't find the door out, and displayed its anger in the customary skunk manner. The Hardys went back home, cleaned up and began their camp trip again a week later. When we met them at Pancake Bay they were ardent camping fans again.

Odds and Ends for $4.05

For four days we had superb swimming and fair speckled trout fishing. On the fifth we stepped out into a cold foggy dawn, ate a trout breakfast and were packed and away before 9.30. We had our only restaurant meal of the trip that day, stopped to shop at Sudbury, and we camped in the dark on the French River near Georgian Bay, 330 miles from Pancake Bay. We were on the way home. There was one more night out, at Oastler Lake campsite near Parry Sound, then breakfast in the rain next morning and the final 190-mile lap home.

We had spent $166.23, but our essential expenses were not much more than $100. Groceries cost $60.29, car gasoline $41.61; stove gasoline, traveler's cheques, flashlight batteries and other odds and ends were $4.05. Everything else we could easily have done without.

When we have seen all we wish to of Ontario we'll go farther afield, because every province and most states of the Union are rapidly developing campsite facilities along highways in their scenic areas. One couple we know, Russ and Dorothy Rickwood, took their two children on a three-week trip from Toronto last year and reached Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island, tenting every night. Rickwood is an RCAF instrument technician and two years ago he and his family combined vacation and a trip to a new posting. They camped across the U. S. from Ontario to Yellowstone Park.

What facilities will auto campers find in different regions of Canada?

The federal government has set up well-equipped campsites in Cape Breton Highlands National Park along the famed Cabot Trail. Many have kitchen shelters and all have toilets and water. In Prince Edward Island, where Cavendish and other broad sea beaches have been preserved for public recreation, there are a number of trailer and tent areas, some equipped with flush toilets and electric outlets for trailers. New Brunswick is enlarging many roadside picnic sites to make them large enough for overnight camp stops. Fundy National Park, which has numerous campsites, is one of the most attractive camping areas in eastern Canada. Write to travel bureaus of the Maritimes governments for campsite lists and locations.

Quebec has no federally maintained national parks, but it has numerous provincial parks with campsites accessible by car. There are good camp sites in Laurentide Park, north of

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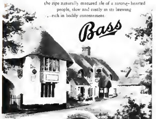

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Quebec City, and in the Chibougamau Reserve northwest of Lake St. John where drinking water and toilets are provided. Quebec has also provided a string of campsites through Gaspé which are convenient stopover points en route to the Maritimes. There is a charge of fifty cents a day at most Quebec campsites.

Ontario has close to a hundred public campsites along highways, mostly in the northern part of the province. They range from small clearings large enough for one tent to the 400-acre Rushing River camp near Kenora. The Department of Highways issues a roadside park bulletin that makes it possible to plan a trip carefully in advance.

Campsites at Beauty Spots

The prairies, though not so well equipped as Ontario, still have adequate accommodation for a family touring the west with a tent and car. Manitoba's mecca for campers is Riding Mountain National Park, a thousand square mile lake and forest preserve on the summit of the Manitoba escarpment fifty miles north of Brandon. Riding Mountain has several large lakeshore campsites. From Riding Mountain it's an easy day's drive westward to several Saskatchewan provincial parks such as Duck Mountain, Moose Mountain, Good Spirit Lake or Katepwa, all of which have good swimming beaches and, for twenty-five cents a night, excellent camping facilities. In some the camping facilities include running water. Farther west in Saskatchewan there is Cypress Hills Park which includes among its attractions a heated swimming pool.

The Alberta Department of Health inspects and licenses about fifty small campgrounds; a list can be obtained from the province's travel bureau. But in addition to these and several provincial parks, the camper in Alberta has the famed national parks of Jasper, Banff and Waterton Lakes. These world-famous beauty spots have extensive campsites available to anyone who can pay fifty cents a day or $1.50 a week. Tunnel Mountain near Banff has a campground for six hundred tents and at Lake Louise there is camping space for one hundred tents. Along the 185-mile Banff-Jasper highway there are fifteen public campsites.

British Columbia is becoming a Shangri-la for auto campers. The B.C. Forest Service began its big campsite development less than five years ago, but already the province has one of the finest networks on the continent. It has about forty highway campsites now and is adding more every year. Practically all are located in picturesque mountainous settings with superb views. There is daily garbage collection at all main campsites. And they're free. There are too many to begin describing them here but the B.C. Travel Bureau has an attractive booklet that gives detailed information about each one.

So wherever you are in Canada, there are highway campsites waiting. Try some this summer and then probably every spring afterward you will go through the little springtime ritual we do. Along about May we gather up a stack of vacation folders and we talk about boat cruises, tourist lodges, sight-seeing tours and all the rest. The kids used to look alarmed when we did this, but they don't any more. They know by now—and we know too—that when the time for decision comes the gypsy fever will flare up anew and we'll put the tent and sleeping bags on the car top and hit the road again. ★

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The World's First Dog Psychiatrist

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

husband. "I told him that the dog, aided and abetted by his wife, had developed the possessive trait to such an extent that he would soon become impossible to manage. Calling the woman back I told her what she was doing to the dog and warned her that if she desired to keep him she must be stern and ignore him, even though it meant loss of her prestige in his mind. This was done. The dog now enjoys the whole family."

Such on-the-spot diagnoses are effective in some cases, but others require more time to cure.

There was Rosie, a little bull terrier who seemed to have missed out on the fighting spirit for which bull terriers are famous. Paired with a big fighting dog for a kennel mate, Rosie was content to be a timid shy thing who, by her lack of character, would never have made her mark in the ring. Taken to a dog show, she would briefly perk up on the bench. But the moment she entered the judging arena, down would go her tail and her ears and some inferior dog would win the ribbon. Rosie was afraid of her puppies when they were born and they had to be raised by a foster mother. The kennel owner finally appealed to Alva. Let her tell the story:

"Several methods were tried and finally it was decided to appeal to the dormant instinct in all dogs, territorial possession. Placed in a run between eight other runs where other dogs played, Rosie would crouch at the farthest end. Enticed by puppies at play she would venture forth, but the least distracting sound sent her scurrying back to her corner. The run was shortened. Then she was given a bone. Soon the yelps of the other dogs, jealous of Rosie's bone, sank into her mind. It dawned on her that it was her bone and her run. Back and forth she would timidly walk, bone in mouth, tasting the sense of possession. When she found she could not be deprived of her bone while in her own yard, she began to talk back at the other dogs. From then on the cure was rapid.

"A year later she whelped a litter of puppies. I nursed her through this period. All went well until the last puppy was born, then the pride of possession took a strong hold. She told me in no uncertain terms to leave them all alone. From then on Rosie easily made her championship on the show bench."

Mrs. Betty Waldman, of Toronto, Alva's married daughter, believes that a good part of her mother's success with dogs comes from their instinctive trust in her. She has seen a corgi, with his leg cut open, lie still without a whine, while Alva sewed up the cut. She has seen a cat lie without moving while Alva removed wire stitches from its abdomen. She has known her mother to grab a dog in a fit and stroke it and talk to it until the animal quieted.

When Hurricane Hazel struck Toronto last year, Alva McColl's first thought was for the dogs kenneled on the banks of the flooding Humber River. She spent days organizing search parties, identifying drowned animals and working with veterinarians to inoculate the surviving dogs. Dog fanciers offered their services and turned the Kennel Club into the headquarters to help breeders who had lost their dogs to buy new pets.

Nowadays, as president of the Canadian Kennel Club, Alva McColl heads the governing body of the purebred dog business in Canada, an organization devoted to promoting interest in dogs with a certified three-generation pedigree. Incorporated under the Livestock Pedigree Act, the club maintains complete files on 350,655 of these canine aristocrats and registers close to fifteen thousand more each year. Canada does more business per capita in purebred dogs than any other country in the world and the demand for purebreds is growing. In Alva's first year as president last year an additional twenty-five thousand purebred dogs were registered and the Kennel Club received notice of more than two thousand new champions. A purebred becomes a champion by collecting ten points for winning at dog shows. The registration of purebred dogs increased a hundred percent in the first three months of 1955 over last year.

Tricky Names Are Taboo

Incidentally, to understand the popularity of these purebreds, it is necessary to know something about the breeds. The Canadian Kennel Club recognizes a hundred and fifteen breeds in such groups as sporting, working, hound, terrier, toy and so on. Right now the cocker spaniel is the most popular dog in Canada although the Lassie series on TV is winning ground rapidly for the collie.

In Canada there are about two hundred shows a year approved by the Kennel Club, which sets all the rules and even approves or disapproves the dogs' names. You can't name a dog after a member of the Royal Family or after a national political leader; the names must not exceed thirty characters (thirteen is the limit for race horses) and too tricky names are apt to be ruled out.

Alva McColl rules over this canine government in an efficient way. She was fired twice from her job as editor of Dogs In Canada, a Kennel Club

Alva McColl doubts that man is a dog's best friend

This 1946 photo shows Mrs. McColl taking dogs to a show. Sometimes she had one hundred at her home. Her children had enough of dogs to last a lifetime.

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publication. She promptly retaliated by running for president of the club in 1954 and she was elected. She ran again this year and her majority was even larger.

But she admits that running an organization of thirty-five hundred dog lovers isn't easy, although she wouldn't go so far as to say—an American doctor did—that there are more psychopaths among dog fanciers than anywhere else outside mental hospitals.

"You can talk about your neighbor's child but you can't criticize her dog," says Alva from years of experience. "I've known close friends become bitter enemies because Mrs. Smith said Mrs. Jones' poodle had a faulty gait."

Not only are fanciers critical of each other's dogs, they are suspicious of any judge who turns down their dog in the ring. Once, judging Samoyeds in Toledo, Alva was confronted by the furious owner of a dog she had turned down for first place. "What's the matter with yer?" snapped the owner. "I'll have you know that this dog's sire is the most beautiful dog in England."

"Madam," said Alva, "back home in Canada I have a beautiful daughter—and look at me!"

To keep abreast of the latest in doggy affairs, Alva makes a point of attending the big and important Westminster Kennel Club Show in New York each winter. This year she checked in at the Taft Hotel, which was full of the fancy and their dogs, most of them sharing the same room with their dogs. Dogs are a half-billion-dollar-a-year industry in the United States. Maternity coats with let-out seams, heated dog houses, bubble baths, permanent waves, cocktail hats, mink collar coats, imitation emerald earrings, four-legged pyjamas and dog perfume (Kennel No. 9 at three dollars an ounce) are only a few of the trifles purchased for pets by doting fanciers.

In New York, Alva learned about dog sitters, old-age pensions for dogs, and a new adoption centre where some attempt is made to match a dog and his master. She strolled through miles of basement in Madison Square Garden, where the show was being held, staring at dogs of every size, shape, color and temperament. She looked at dogs with taped ears, rodent coat chin straps, dogs being bathed, combed, brushed, trimmed, fed, watered and dewatered, dogs that lay down quietly and dogs that stood up and barked. There was even a barkless African dog that screamed.

Upstairs, where the judging was going on, she sat at the rail predicting the winners with uncanny accuracy.

Later, she dropped in at a cocktail party for the Dog Writers of America. Later still she banqueted with Clarence Harbison, an American dog psychologist, after which she watched a movie on How to Buy a Dog and then dashed off to speak at a dinner of the Kerry blue terrier club. The next morning she was up early to enjoy a Fido Breakfast at the New York Athletic Club given by Gaines Research Foundation in honor of American Dogdom's Man of the Year, Woman of the Year, Handler, Veterinarian and Breeder of the Year. After another movie, this one on field dogs in action, she hurried back to the show.

Next morning Alva returned to Toronto with a plane full of dogs, just in time to judge obedience trials at the annual Sportsmen's Show.

It has been said that all anybody needs to become mad about dog shows is to own a dog. The habit grows on you. When the McColls bought their German shepherd Pat thirty years ago they had no intention of showing her. Nevertheless it wasn't long before they entered her in a show, where she came first in a class of sixteen dogs. This just made her owners more determined. They bought kennels in West Hill near Toronto, named them after Robert McColl's Scottish birthplace, and took to breeding German shepherds. Adelaide McColl stayed home to mind her two youngsters, Betty and Jack, and the dogs, while her husband commuted by bus to the city where he was a baker.

Two years later Robert McColl died of injuries received in World War I. He was buried on his wife's twenty-sixth birthday, just two months before his son Robert Jr. was born.

Lying in hospital with her new baby, Adelaide McColl wondered how she was going to bring up three children alone. She decided to carry on the kennels and changed her name to Alva after her husband's birthplace.

But bad luck dogged her footsteps. Pat, who had brooded and sickened after her master's death, died at the bus stop where she still traveled daily in the hope of seeing him. An epidemic of distemper swept through the kennels and killed all but three dogs. Alva attempted to make a business of boarding other people's animals, but her health broke down. A friend told her that the best cure was to get out in the fresh air so she rented another house with a big back yard, invested in trellises and manure and began raising dahlias. As her health improved she switched from dahlias to dogs and again the Alva Kennels were in harness.

How to Clip a Short-Necked Dog

Betty Waldman, her daughter, and her sons have vivid memories of their childhood among the dogs. At one time there were a hundred dogs in the kennels and no hired help. The boys fed them before school in the morning and hurried home at noon to clean up after them. Betty, as the eldest, helped take strings of dogs to dog shows: she recalls Pekes, great Danes, cocker spaniels, cairn terriers. Today not one of the McColl children owns a dog and you can't get them to a dog show.

In the midst of this confusion Alva McColl broadened her knowledge of dogs. Improper ring handling can ruin the chances of even the best dog, so most owners hire a professional handler. As a handler Alva started at the bottom. "At first I got all the dogs nobody else wanted—the dogs that bit the judge," she laughs. But she gained experience, clients and knowledge: how to clip a dog so his short neck looked longer and his crooked back leg looked straighter, how to run her hands carelessly over his fine head so the judge's eye would automatically skip over his not so fine tail.

Today, a judge herself, she is seldom taken in by such tricks.

Dog fanciers recognize Alva McColl as one of the first Canadians to stress the importance of obedience training. Twenty years ago she was a pioneer in the field. Today show dogs are trained to act on command, sit until told to move, jump on order, retrieve and identify different objects. Last year Canada held thirty-six obedience trials. Greatly in demand as a judge of obedience, Alva explains that the training is intended to teach a dog discipline and restraint. It is not intended, as non-fanciers sometimes think, to teach him rote tricks.

Mrs. McColl isn't sure when she decided to become a dog psychiatrist. She had come to realize that dogs had neuroses the same as people. She had seen her own corgi, Mair, who hated dog shows, run a temperature at the sight of a dumbbell, one of the objects to be retrieved in obedience trials. She knew many canine ailments did not respond to pills. During World War II her younger son was on a troop train in Europe when it crashed. When his shattered nerves responded to psychiatric help his mother began to wonder if something along the same lines wouldn't help unhappy dogs. She talked it over with Dr. Jimmy Campbell, veterinarian for the Toronto zoo. He encouraged her.

In 1946 Alva McColl opened Canada's first boarding home for neurotic dogs. She charged nothing for treatment. The following year the American radio program, We, the People, brought her to New York and presented her on a network as the first dog psychiatrist. One of Mrs. McColl's first patients was a Labrador retriever named Shad which bit anybody who walked by when he was napping. There didn't seem to be any reason for his animosity, but one day as Alva was passing by him with a pail of water, a few drops flicked onto the dog. He leaped up and attacked her.

Alva asked Shad's owner if the dog had ever been frightened by water. She learned that when he was a puppy his mistress had wakened him abruptly one day and tossed him into a cold stream near their house for a bath. The dog had been scared of water ever since.

Alva spent weeks talking to Shad, splashing him with a few drops of water, waking him with a pan of water and soothing words, inducing him to take a bath in cold water. He was soon cured of his fear.

Her next patient was Chico, a boxer brought up in the quiet countryside until he was sold to a drugstore owner. Chico spent his days in the drugstore. As the cash register clanged, dishes

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Judges at the "Olympiade de Cuisine" held in Berne, Switzerland, sample the world's finest food — and its finest wines!

International Connoisseurs Praise Canada's Wines

Above, Hans Fread at left, the menu on which his fellow Olympiade judges wrote their comments on Canadian wines

REPORT FROM BERNE

Berne, Switzerland was recently the scene of the International Chef's Convention—the famous "*Olympiade de Cuisine*." In this renowned culinary contest the Canadian chefs team won wide acclaim, being placed fourth among 17 nations! But that was not Canada's only triumph. For many of the judges it was their first opportunity of savouring Canadian wine, served as the correct accompaniment to Canadian food.

One of the judges was Hans Fread, well-known Toronto restaurateur ("The Sign of the Steer") and television personality. Mr. Fread reports that the comments of his fellow judges contained "*nothing but praise for the wines of Canada!*"

"VERY, VERY GOOD" — Here are some of the comments made by the international food and drink experts who acted as *Olympiade* judges—on first sampling Canadian wines:

"I discovered Canadian wines and only this wonderful and fine bouquet."

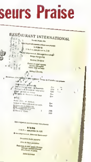
"As an inhabitant of one of French Switzerland's most renowned wine growing districts, I acknowledge that your Canadian wines are truly excellent and it is with pleasure that I tasted them."

"Having savoured Canadian wines, I am delighted with their bouquet. Very, very good!"

"My congratulations on the flavour of Canadian wines!"

"The wines we were served—outstanding."

"A wonderful ... wine. The Sauternes ... noteworthy."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rattled at the restaurant counter, people came and went. Chico became a nervous wreck. He huddled and shivered under the counter, growling if anyone approached him. His owner brought him to Alva.

It is Mrs. McCall's belief that healthy dogs can do things for sick dogs that no human can do. When in her therapy she uses a calm friendly dog to act as a patient's companion and show him the way to recovery. She picked her Welsh corgi Mab to be Chico's friend. Then she hung a potato sack over a clothesline in the yard and put the dogs' dinner behind it. At first timid Chico would only venture a few steps toward the swinging sack before he would retreat in terror. But as his hunger grew and Mab dashed back and forth for her food he gained confidence. Finally he advanced resolutely toward the sack, touched it with his paw and then walked proudly under it and gobbled up his dinner. Soon he was dashing under it at mealtime without a thought.

It took eight weeks of patience before Chico was completely happy. When finally he was sent home and his owner reported that the dog was completely untroubled by the noisy activity of the drugstore.

One of the saddest cases Alva ever encountered concerned a breeder of great Danes who force fed his dogs for fear someone would poison them. Instead of teaching the puppies to nibble scraped beef and lap from a dish, this breeder funneled milk into the side of their mouths with an eye-dropper and dropped tiny pellets of meat down their throats. Soon the dogs knew no other way to eat. They would sit with their heads thrown back, quivering with hunger, waiting for someone to thrust food down their throats. At dog shows the breeder proudly demonstrated what he called the only scientific way to feed a dog.

So long as someone was around to feed them the dogs were happy and healthy. Trouble came when one dog was sold to a woman who wasn't told of his feeding peculiarity. To her dismay she found the dog wouldn't eat. Veterinarians were called in; not knowing the dog's history all they could do was advise tonics, which the dog gulped down thirstily. He got thinner. Finally his mistress appealed to the breeder, who said the dog must be pining for his old home and offered to buy him back for a fraction of the selling price. Instead the dog's mistress sent him to Alva.

"My job was to reinstate that dog's instincts, not an easy task," says Alva. "Since his throat muscles hadn't developed he couldn't swallow anything but liquids. I rubbed butter on his gums, then canned salmon, anything soft that could be swallowed easily. A dish of food frightened him so other dogs were fed from the dish while he looked on. Kidwillie, my little corgi, had been trained to take a bone to a dog and tease with it. One day the great Dane discovered that a soft brisket bone, chewed gently, would not hurt him. Then Kidwillie would carry a dish of food under his nose, waving it around out of reach. One day the great Dane made a lunge for the dish, licked gingerly around the edges and dared the corgi to take it back." The dormant instinct of the dog to possess and guard gradually overcame the breeder's training and the great Dane was soon returned to his mistress eating normally.

He Hated To Be Tickled

The only dog that Alva ever refused to work with was Rex, a Doberman trained in a dog school for a bootlegger in Chicago. One light touch on the ribs and Rex would attack.

In spite of his dog's protection the bootlegger came to an untimely end and Rex was shipped back to his breeder, who sold him to a new owner in Toronto. For a while the animal seemed amiable enough, wagging his tail and caressing his new owner's hand. He allowed his handler to cut his nails, trim his ears and groom him for a show without a growl until the handler happened to touch him on the ribs. Immediately the dog whirled in a blazing fury of passion and shredded the flesh off the unfortunate man's arm.

A valuable show dog, Rex was sent to a kennel to be "untrained." He returned a lovable house pet who followed his mistress and her sister around the house. One night when Rex was dozing on a rug in the hall the sister-in-law passed by and her dressing gown brushed his side. The dog awoke with a snarl and mangled her arm to the bone.

When Alva was consulted she refused the case. To her mind the dog could never forget or be trusted.

Although Mrs. McCall is no longer active in dog psychiatry the case of Rex and other spoiled dogs she's known disturbs her.

At the Fido Breakfast in New York last winter, prize-winning dog columnist Jack Baird of the World-Telegram and Sun spoke feelingly of dogs as the solution for man's physical and psychological ills. Alva, seated opposite, nodded in agreement but confessed she isn't too happy. She says a dog is man's best friend all right, but what about the man? Does he always have a dog's best interests at heart? She doubts it. ★

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The Lawyer Who Never Wins a Case

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

youth reddened and shamefacedly obeyed.

When a sixteen-year-old boy was found guilty of robbing four messenger boys, prosecutor Bull suggested to the court that he be spanked on the Toronto City Hall steps. "Quite probably," he said sarcastically, "this boy thinks that standing here in court he's a hero to his friends." When the youth lost some of his cockiness Bull didn't object to him being placed on probation.

Bull prosecutes in Magistrate's Court every morning in intervals between Supreme Court cases on charges such as petty theft, drunkenness, prostitution and driving violations. Afternoons he devotes to the major cases, reading law, interviewing witnesses and consulting with police officers. An important distinction between the crown prosecutor in Canada and his opposite number in some of the United States is that he has nothing to do with the police investigation, but when it is completed he advises what charges should be laid and then he goes to court.

Magistrate's Court is constantly crowded and rushed and there's a verdict almost every fifteen minutes. Bull takes about sixty seconds to assimilate the "dope sheet" that police supply for every case. Within a few days he may have four or five cases of housebreaking and the basic elements in all are usually the same. Questioning the two or three witnesses in each case is quick and routine.

He prosecutes dozens of cases of drunk driving and regards most of them with extreme distaste. He has heard the phrase "only two beers" offered by so many drivers that he swears ironically he'll ask for a dismissal for the first one who admits drinking six.

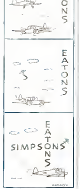
Bull doesn't drive a car himself and when he goes out to the theatre or to visit friends in the evening it's usually by taxi. One of the reasons is that he dreads the possibility of becoming involved in any traffic mishap and being hauled into the court where he works.

In addition to petty crimes and traffic offenses the Magistrate's Court also hears preliminary evidence in major cases. The crown prosecutor presents the evidence against people accused of crimes that are in the jurisdiction of higher courts, and the magistrate decides whether the crown's case is strong enough for a trial.

A few months ago Bull was about to prosecute a man charged with attempted murder. The man was being defended by a young barrister who was just a year out of law school. He prepared eagerly for the case and when it was about to go on he dramatically confronted Bull outside the courtroom.

"I'm defending an innocent man, Mr. Bull," he said with emotion, "and I'm going to put him right on the stand and prove it."

Bull looked at his watch and quickly took the young lawyer aside. "Putting



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"He knew she was going with another man. He pleaded with her—then killed her."

your client on the stand at that point is very dangerous," he advised him. "He'll be tied down to his evidence. Remember it's given under oath. If the case is sent to trial and he varies his evidence the slightest bit it would be pretty incriminating."

He suggested that the young lawyer learn all he could about the crown's case and reveal as little as possible about his own. Two months later in a higher court the young lawyer showed he had learned the lesson well. He put it up to the jury that the crown must prove his client guilty. With the evidence it had the crown couldn't convince the jury and the accused was found not guilty of the charge.

When an experienced courtroom lawyer is handling the defense, however, Bull seldom has to worry about the rights of the accused; he has his own hands full. In one murder case not long ago G. Arthur Martin, often regarded as Canada's outstanding criminal lawyer, was appearing for the defense. The accused was a twenty-four-year-old City Hall clerk, John Harvey Snider, who was arrested at night in Toronto's St. Michael's Cathedral where police had been called by a priest, Father Mulligan. Snider had killed his wife in their bungalow home.

At the police station a signed statement was taken from him. It said that on her way to retire for the night to her own bedroom his wife said she was leaving him in a few days. He knew she was going off with another man. After she was in bed, he said, he went in to plead with her to stay, but she answered "No." Finally, the statement said, "she made a motion as if to hit me and I grabbed her around the throat with both my hands and pushed her back onto the bed. She began to struggle and I hung onto her throat until she lay still." Horrified at what had occurred, he said he wanted to kill himself. He went down to the basement to get a rope to hang himself but when he came back upstairs he heard sounds still coming from his wife and saw bubbles at her mouth and nose. "So," the statement continued, "I put the rope around her neck and pulled it until she was quite still." Then he rushed to Father Mulligan at St. Michael's and on the way threw the rope out of the car.

The newspapers called it the Skip Rope Murder Case and the courtroom was packed during the three days of the trial. Most of the spectators were lawyers and law students who came to watch the two masters at work. The atmosphere was almost unbearably tense. In the prisoner's dock Harvey Snider looked exhausted.

Martin proposed that Snider's statement to the police be thrown out on the ground it wasn't in the exact words of the accused. By cross-examining a police officer he proved that as the accused was speaking the officer put down only the gist of what he remembered the accused had said. Bull argued that the statement was born in penitence and remorse, that the accused was cautioned before making it, the typed version was read to him and he signed it. The judge ruled the statement admissible.

The defense questioned crown pathologist Dr. Chester McLean. He said the gurgling noises the accused thought he heard were not indicative of life but of death. Martin contended there was never a rope applied to the woman's neck. The idea got into the statement, he suggested, because it was the idea the accused had when he came upstairs with the rope and heard the sounds. He didn't do it, Martin said, but he may have related it to the thought in his mind and the officer mistook the thought for the deed.

The defense contended that death was accidental and that when the accused grabbed his wife he was acting in the heat of passion caused by provocation and that under the law the jury was bound to find him guilty of no more than manslaughter.

Bull accepted the evidence that Mrs. Snider was dead before her husband went to the basement. But, he added, when the accused came upstairs, so far as he could tell she was still alive and he put the rope around her neck to finish the job. "Now," he asked, "is the fact that he put it around her neck to cut off what life was apparently there indicative of what he intended to do in the first place when he put his hands around her neck and held them there until she lay still?"

The Prisoner Tried to Talk

Harvey Snider himself went into the witness stand daubing his tears with a soaking handkerchief. Bull cross-examined him relentlessly.

Addressing the jury Bull suggested there was jealousy in the mind of the accused because his wife carried on with another man. "Gentlemen," he said, looking at the jurors, "unfortunately every day through these courts go cases of marital infidelity. It would not be the first time that a wife has raised her hand as if to strike her husband or struck him—but gentlemen does that deprive the ordinary man of his power of self control? If it did, gentlemen, we would not have one trial of this nature in this courtroom but we would have a series of them day after day.

"Gentlemen," he said in conclusion, "you have taken an oath to find a true verdict according to the evidence. I ask you to be true to that oath."

At this point the distraught Snider leaped to his feet and said he had something to say. In a flash his lawyer Martin was at his side trying to calm him. The judge cautioned Snider against saying anything and ordered the jury to leave the courtroom.

The jury was out four hours. When it returned Bull reached for a file of papers in his brief case and held it open before him, but when the foreman announced "Not guilty of murder, guilty of manslaughter" he closed his eyes.

Later Bull said: "It was the most painful case of my career. Although I am in favor of capital punishment I felt this young man should not be hanged for what he had done. The jury did what I couldn't do for him and

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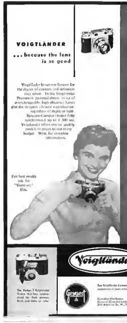
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I'm glad of their decision.' Since 1950, only three persons charged with murder in York County have been sentenced to death and Bull has never had anyone convicted of murder.

The Snider case was the second in a row handled by Bull in which a husband accused of murdering his wife was found not guilty. The next morning the phone rang in his office. When he answered it a woman's voice shouted: "What are you trying to do — declare an open season on wives?" Bull has grown accustomed to occasional jibes like this for he has been a crown prosecutor for fifteen years.

Some lawyers say that in making a career of his difficult job he isn't being fair to himself. Usually a barrister serves as a crown attorney for five or six years then goes into private practice, frequently defending people he formerly prosecuted. Bull's salary is about eight thousand dollars a year while some defense lawyers earn six or seven times that.

Bull reminds himself constantly of the fact that he can't become a zealot about winning court cases, although he admits he would be less than human if he didn't occasionally get a kick out of convicting a criminal by digging out the real facts in evidence and destroying spurious evidence. A prominent defense lawyer who was once a crown prosecutor, Joseph Sedgwick QC of Toronto, agrees with Bull that it's often a hard job.

"It's difficult to reconcile the human inclination to win with the lofty theory of the crown prosecutor," he says. "But he must bear in mind at all times that the raised dramatic voice and the lifted waving arm are not the part of the crown."

You Can't Hound a Man

Just as he decides to press a case against a prisoner, Bull can also advise the crown not to prosecute. A recent example of this was a case in which an official of the Ontario Department of Highways accepted bogus tenders from two accomplices in the sale of department-owned land. He was arrested and later sentenced to three years in jail. The Attorney General's Office then decided to bring a case against the two accomplices. The Deputy Attorney General Clifford Magone QC turned the matter over to Bull. But when Bull was told that the main witness was the convicted official who was now willing to give testimony, he advised against laying any charge at all. He quoted a basic rule in the law of evidence that it's dangerous to convict on the uncorroborated testimony of an accomplice, which the judge would have to tell the jury. He urged the department to drop the case on the ground that ordinarily no charge is made unless there is quite substantial evidence, because the state must never appear to be hounding.

The case was taken to another prosecutor on the staff and at the trial the jury found both accused not guilty.

The most dramatic part of a trial generally is thought to be the closing speech to the jury. To Bull the opening speech counts most. "This is when the whole case is outlined from the prosecution's point of view." At home he painstakingly writes this speech in longhand. The final address he gives from a few headings jotted down during the trial. With the opening speech he nails the case down. After that he has to fight to keep the defense from loosening it; therefore more than half his task is accomplished if he nails solidly at the beginning.

His speech is straightforward and easy to follow. Bull's plan is to let the jury discover for themselves the significance of a few facts and some connections between his general theory and the evidence, which are bound to impress them more than if he deliberately pointed them out.

Bull seldom advances far in the trial before he encounters defense tactics. When an experienced lawyer like Henry Rose QC is on the case they start as soon as Bull begins examining the first crown witness. Defense counsel stands up with his hand cupped to his ear and says, "Will the witness speak a little louder please; it may be difficult for the jury to hear." Or he may get up and in a loud voice call to an attendant, "Would someone open the windows and let the court have some fresh air?" From the beginning of the trial Bull has held the floor. But now the atmosphere he has created is snapped and the jury is reminded a defense lawyer is waiting to tell another side to the story. "Bit of a scene," Bull appreciatively says afterward.

At times Bull seems to be busy making rapid notes. Actually he's doodling; a talented caricaturist, he's making little sketches on the back of the indictment and on scraps of paper of the judge, the witnesses, the accused. After a trial reporters and court clerks rush for the counsel table to grab any left behind. Without his permission one was recently used in a Toronto tabloid.

How to Trap a Witness

The first Bull sees of a defense witness is at the trial when he's called to give evidence. Soon after, the defense lawyer takes his seat saying, "Your witness," and it's time for Bull to cross-examine. Most defense witnesses are personally interested in the result of the trial and their testimony is difficult to shake because they have had weeks and months to go over it in their minds. Bull's own witnesses are mainly policemen and the most important thing he has to say to them before a trial is to remember that once they have made the arrest and prepared the case their primary status is that of witnesses.

Bull's favorite method of cross-examination is to start with a question for which a witness most likely has not prepared himself. If he's not telling the truth he has to supply the answer from his imagination. The next question is again on an indirectly related matter, and so is the next and the one after that. When the witness is sufficiently far off on a side issue Bull slips in a question asked by defense counsel. If the witness is relying on his imagination and gives a different answer, Bull has him. He then reels him in with questions the witness can't answer fast enough and still keep his previous inventions straight.

A generous tactic of many defense lawyers is to tell the jury that the prosecutor commands the facilities of high powered police departments with scores of experts to interview witnesses and comb the country; that he has the services of great laboratories with pathologists, fingerprint experts, gun experts, photographers, and that for each case he has almost unlimited funds. Outside the courtroom Bull explains that the most ingenious investigators and the best labs can produce nothing but evidence, and this must be given under oath and cross-examined. "And," he continues, "if there is important evidence in favor of the accused the crown prosecutor is derelict in his duty not to bring it forth at the hearing."

During the notorious murder trial of Dr. Sam Sheppard in the U.S. it was widely believed that a psychiatrist's testimony would have thrown some useful light on the case, but the prosecutor was trying to prove that Sheppard committed a monstrous crime and so introduced no evidence that might lead to any other conclusion. The defense didn't produce psychiatric evidence either because its contention was that another person committed the murder.

The same week in Toronto, defense counsel John Brooke received a letter from crown prosecutor Henry Bull saying the murder charge against Brooke's client was being reduced to manslaughter because the crown had a medical report, a copy of which was enclosed, showing the accused was too intoxicated to form an intent to kill.

When the time comes to address a jury, Bull thinks a speech is superfluous. He thinks juries today are better educated and more sophisticated than those of former times and can appreciate the evidence for themselves. All they need beyond that, he says, is

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the judge's instructions to the jury. Nevertheless, a top-ranking defense lawyer, Charles Dubin, QC, says the best jury speech he's ever heard was given by Bull.

It was in a robbery case in Toronto. A woman bookkeeper carrying a payroll of $1,468 from the bank to her office was knocked down by a man who snatched her handbag with the money. He got into a car and drove away. But the woman caught a glimpse of his face and got the license number of the car. A few minutes later another woman at work in a nearby office saw two men get out of a car and step into another. She thought this looked suspicious, so she took down the license numbers of both cars and telephoned the police.

About three hours later a man named George Harvey was arrested in one of the cars in a Toronto suburb. He had considerable money in his possession. Then the woman bookkeeper identified a picture of a man named Allan Connelly in the police files; she said he was the man who robbed her.

Charles Dubin, who was the defense counsel, argued that the crown didn't have a case. Harvey hadn't been identified. The money hadn't been identified. And Connelly had been identified only from a photograph by a woman who claimed to have caught only a glimpse of a robber.

"Bull didn't bother to rebut the defense position," Dubin recalls. "Instead he gave the jury an aerial view of the city where the crime took place. He located the bank, the place where the robbery took place, where the two cars were reported, where the two men said they were. He kept the streets and the movements of the men in front of the jury all the time and thus convinced the jury that these two men must have been the crooks."

The jury found the men guilty and they were each sent to jail for five years.

After a long trial is over, the defense lawyer usually packs up and leaves to celebrate or relax, but Bull stays on the spot and begins another case immediately. If the judge happens to begin charging a jury at 10 a.m. and finishes at 11.30 a.m., the jury retires and Bull gets started on the next case before lunch. After a murder case may come a case of motor manslaughter or another murder case. In his brief case he carries two or three briefs at a time.

One of the busiest lawyers in Canada, Bull enjoys this active professional life and has no intention of going into private law practice. Originally, when he enrolled at Trinity College in the University of Toronto in 1929, he was going to be an Anglican minister. His father was supervisor of music for Windsor schools and also a church choirmaster. Henry, the eldest of four children, used to go to church with him. After two years at Trinity Bull no longer felt he had a calling for the ministry. A younger brother, however, became a parson and is now at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Hendon.

He Hates Tough Prosecutors

In the middle of Bull's third year at college his family could not provide him with funds, and he had to leave. He returned to Windsor, where nearly a third of the population was on relief. He worked at odd jobs, selling Fuller brushes, teaching trigonometry, working in the Ford factory.

One day his mother said to him sternly, "You're not getting anywhere." She decided he should take up law by articling in his home town. The lawyer for whom he worked paid him nothing, so evenings and week ends he sold haberdashery in a store for ten dollars a week. During the summer he worked on a lake excursion boat.

After graduating from Osgoode Hall Law School, Bull was a solicitor in the Succession Duty Office of the Ontario Treasury. After a year he got transferred to the Attorney-General's Office, where he was appointed assistant crown prosecutor. In 1942 he joined the army and was a prosecutor in the legal department at Camp Borden. He was later appointed Assistant Deputy Judge Advocate. On his discharge he returned to his civilian position, back to his job as prosecutor. "It's a grinding, exacting job."

When the day's work is done Bull wants to close the door of his office, forget the day's happenings. At home he reads philosophy. He and his wife entertain a lot and are seen frequently at Toronto social functions. They belong to several clubs. Wherever he goes, a source of constant annoyance to him are quips like, "Locking many up these days, Henry?"

But even more annoying to him is the popular or movie version of the prosecuting attorney. During last winter's assizes in Toronto Bull and his wife went to visit friends one evening. When they arrived, the friends were watching a television program and invited the Bulls to see it too.

Bull sat down to find himself watching a courtroom scene, and in the middle of the courtroom, shouting and shaking his fist at a witness, was a district attorney, the American equivalent of the crown prosecutor.

"That's one thing I can't stand," said Bull, and, apologizing to his friends, he left the room. ★

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CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

This is an Alberta polo team, circa 1890

It's ready to uphold the honor of good old Pincher Creek

We didn't have room for this rare photograph in our special Alberta-Saskatchewan Jubilee issue that will be on the stands June 14, but we do have seven pages of other hard-to-get pictures showing the prairies as they were when English fox hunters cantered across the sagebrush and transplanted French nobility rode to the hounds.

These are Saskatchewan camels, circa fifteen million BC

They grazed on the prairies in the days before the ice ages

You'll meet them as bit players in the billion-year-old scientific drama of How the Prairies Were Made, told by Fred Bodsworth in our Alberta-Saskatchewan issue. Paintings are by Bruce Johnson.

This is Jake,

Canada's most famous hired man,

circa 1955

He's the star, as usual, of a new and hilarious W. O. Mitchell Jake-and-the Kid story, written especially for this Jubilee issue and lavishly illustrated, with equal hilarity, by Duncan Macpherson.

and also in this special issue of Maclean's

RALPH ALLEN, Maclean's editor, and FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE, Maclean's cover artist, tour the Jubilee provinces to report in words and seven pages of oil paintings on The Land of Eternal Change.

BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa editor, makes a special report on the kind of politics and politicians that keep the west in the news.

ROBERT COLLINS, Maclean's prairies editor, asks What Would the West Be Like Without the Gopher? — or without the Calgary Stampede? Two lively articles about two great western institutions.

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The Alberta-Saskatchewan Jubilee

IN ITS JUNE 25 ISSUE — ON SALE JUNE 14

MIXING TIPS

for highball fans

Right mixing methods do make an important difference in the taste of a highball. So follow these tips from the experts!

1 First place ice in a standard highball glass. This prevents annoying "splash" from dropping ice in later and helps make your highball cool throughout.

2 Add your favourite liquor, measured with a *jigger*. Guess-work alters proportions, may spoil a good highball.

3 Add the mix last. The mix should be cold so as to preserve the ice and reduce watering of the drink. Don't stir—as this will remove carbonation and flatten the taste of the drink.

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A Report on Eating

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

such thing as food out of season. Since the middle Twenties the number of refrigerated railway cars in Canada has grown from six thousand to almost ten thousand and the amount of cold storage warehouse space from forty-three million cubic feet to more than one hundred and six millions. It is nothing to bring in cucumbers from Cuba and truffles from Japan, grapes from Spain or apricots from Argentina to tempt the palates of Canadians shivering in zero weather. Many an adult can recall the days when he was treated to an orange once or twice a year. Last year we brought in twenty-five million dollars worth of them from the U. S., Spain and Japan.

In just one decade a whole new frozen-food industry has come into being. Eight thousand Canadian stores are now equipped to handle such frosted delicacies as kippers, cheeseburgers, steak-and-kidney pie, oyster stew and cherry cheesecake.

And though food has become immeasurably easy to prepare (you can heat up a frozen turkey dinner complete with mashed sweet potatoes and peas in just fifteen minutes) more Canadians than ever before are eating out. We now have thirteen thousand restaurants—three times as many as we had a generation ago. The menu has changed. There are more fruit juices, more salads, a greater variety of meats and fishes, breads, rolls, relishes and frozen desserts. There has been an enormous increase in the number of foreign eating places so that it is no longer difficult to find a café that serves gefulite fish or frog's legs or chicken paprikas—or sweet-and-sour spareribs. No wonder then that Canadians in the big cities eat out. In Montreal the average person spends eleven percent of his weekly food bill in restaurants, in Toronto seven percent. (In smaller Halifax it is only three percent.)

Psychology Sells Groceries

The supermarket is only thirty-six years old but it has changed our shopping habits. We buy one third of our groceries in these enormous gleaming stores. The percentage is highest in Ontario where small independent grocers get only half the trade, lowest in the Maritimes where the independents retain eighty five percent. The supermarkets are a far call from the old fashioned grocery where the clerk carefully weighed and measured out every staple and wrapped it in plain brown paper. Modern merchandisers have enlisted psychologists who have introduced gaudy labels, eye level displays, tested color schemes and other shopping gimmicks.

The supermarkets have gone to enormous pains to attract customers. They've installed merry-go-rounds in the corner to keep children happy and they now stay open late on Fridays to bring in the fathers so that today sixty percent of their sales are made on the week end. As a result, we tend to buy more food than we plan to. Sales of twenty or thirty dollars have become routine and one supermarket cashier recalls watching a customer stagger off with ninety five dollars worth of groceries. One large Toronto supermarket has 18,500 square feet of floor space and displays more than 3,500 brands of food.

Our whole meal pattern has changed in a generation. The traditional heavy farm breakfast, so familiar to Canadians of an earlier day, with its bowls of cereal and cream, its huge platters of bacon and eggs and its mountains of pancakes, toast and jam, has all but vanished. Breakfast has in fact become the forgotten meal. A recent survey of Ottawa civil servants showed that only one third of them ate an adequate breakfast, another third ate little more than toast and coffee. In one of the districts of the Swift Current Health Region in Saskatchewan, nutritionists rated the breakfast consumed by seventy percent of grade five and grade six children as "poor."

The so called "heavy meal" seems to be on the way out. A recent national survey by the Canadian Opinion Company, a commercial division of the Gallup Poll, shows that most city families serve only one heavy meal a day, half the time in the evening. In farm areas the big meal for most families is still at noon. The dining room seems to be passé. The preferred eating place is the kitchen or breakfast nook. Ninety percent of Canadians eat their breakfast there, eighty percent their lunch and seventy percent their dinner.

We All Drink Coffee

Our collective sweet tooth has become sweeter and the ice-cream statistics prove it. Our liking for fats and starches has grown too. Mother no longer toils as she once did to keep the cookie jar full. "Boughten" biscuits have come into their own. There were once only a dozen or so varieties. Now supermarkets feature one hundred and ten ranging from nut twirls to blue cheese crackers. In 1930 we were each eating nine pounds of manufactured biscuits a year and paying $1.13 for them. Now we eat sixteen pounds—and they cost $5.06. We buy thirty eight million pounds of them each year and ten million pounds of these are imported from Germany, Sweden, Holland, England, Norway, Denmark and France.

We've also practically stopped making home made candy. We eat eleven and a half pounds of chocolate and sugar confectionery each year. In less than a generation our national production of these sweets has trebled. And it may surprise the die-hards to learn that we've become a nation of coffee drinkers. We each consume 7.2 pounds a year—twice as much as the per capita tea consumption. As for soda pop our total consumption has now soared to 105.3 million gallons a year. That's three and a half times as much as we were gulping twenty-five years ago.

This tremendous intake of sweets, starches and caffeine is made at the neglect of more nutritious and relatively cheaper foods, as a number of studies by the nutrition division of the Department of National Health and Welfare at Ottawa reveals. Milk, cheese and other dairy products are an indispensable source of calcium used by the body to repair and build bone and tooth tissue. Yet twenty five percent of the people interviewed in one survey neither drank milk nor ate cheese. The department also discovered that twenty five percent were lacking in sufficient fruit or fruit juice and seventeen percent weren't getting enough green or yellow vegetables. The daily menus of half the families lacked one or more items of the five groups of food deemed essential by nutritionists.

Although we wallow in calorie-packed sweets and alcohols (Canadians annually consume 22 gallons of wine, beer and spirits per capita) we aren't eating much fish, which is both healthful and cheap. We each manage to consume an average thirteen and a

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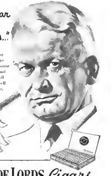

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"The big news in cheese is that we're eating more of our own—70 varieties"

half pounds of fish a year—only a slight increase from depression times. In the same period meat consumption, which is ten times higher than fish, leaped up by twenty-five percent (although it's down compared with 1925). We eat only half as much fish as the British and a third as much as the Danes and Norwegians. This is in spite of new fast-freezing methods that have made a variety of fish available the year round, from lobster to northern pike. Similarly with whole milk: we drink less than two glasses a day as the average. But the sale of skim milk powders has trebled since the Thirties.

Oranges Flow Like Water

We each eat only six pounds of cheese a year compared with eight pounds for the Americans and ten for the Germans. Ontario consumes the most cheese per capita, the prairie people the least. The big news in cheese is the growing versatility of our domestic manufacturers. Our cheese consumption, while low, is growing and we're eating more and more of our own cheese. In 1925 we imported ten million pounds. Last year we only needed to bring in half that much. And we exported sixteen million pounds to other countries. Some stores now display seventy varieties of cheese, most of it made in Canada.

But if we are delinquent in consuming cheese, milk and fish, we make up for it in the amount of orange juice we quaff each year. Orange juice became a health fad in the 1920s and it has since become a staple until today it flows like water in Canadian kitchens. We import four million gallons of the frozen juice every year and mix it with twelve million gallons of water. In addition we buy four and a half million gallons of tinned whole orange juice. That's a total of twenty million gallons, or enough to float Daddy Warbucks' yacht. (We drink another ten million gallons of grapefruit, pineapple and assorted fruit juices.) We eat, as well, twice as many oranges, four times as many grapefruit and six times as many grapes per person as we did in 1925. That's a big change. It's only fifty-odd years ago that a certain Capt. A. J. Melenhy of Saint John, N.B., brought the first grapefruit to Canada from the West Indies. He couldn't peddle them because people thought them too sour. Now we each eat ten pounds a year.

The rise of the apple-juice industry is entirely a Canadian development. When apple exports to Great Britain were cut off during the war to save shipping space (apples, low in food value, were considered nonessential) it was apple juice that saved the industry. Today we produce seventy-one million pounds of it a year.

Another solution was the canning of apple sauce. Today the juice and the sauce—ten million pounds of the latter—are canned in Nova Scotia, Ontario and British Columbia and few housewives bother to make their own sauce anymore. New combinations of apple juice—mixed with lime and apricot juices for example—are continuing to appear on the market, and our consumption is increasing. Apricot nectar developed by a government experimental farm is a big seller in B.C. So is the newer "opalescent" apple juice — also a government development. Now the experimenters are working on high-quality fruit-pie fillings.

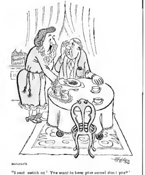
In fact our total fresh fruit and vegetable consumption is on the rise. We eat forty percent more tomatoes than we did a generation ago. We each eat more than ninety-one pounds of vegetables a year—thirteen pounds more than before the war. And our tastes in vegetables have become more exotic as newer vegetables become available. We're eating fewer carrots and potatoes and more eggplant and broccoli. As a result potato farmers in many parts of the country are switching to other crops. (A recent B.C. survey showed the proportion of potato eaters had dropped from ninety-four percent to eighty-two in a decade.) It's not hard to buy vegetables out of season today. Last winter while blizzards raged outside, a Toronto store was able to feature asparagus, broccoli, green pepper, endive, shallots, radishes and green beans.

Big Families Eat More Bread

We are also turning our backs on the familiar cereals. Back in the Thirties we each ate 205 pounds of cereal grains a year. Today that figure has dropped to 167 pounds. Porridge helped build the nation but we tend to turn up our noses at it today. The consumption of oatmeal and rolled oats has been cut in half. Wheat and rye have long been the cornerstone of Canadian agriculture, but we are eating forty percent less of these flours. Rice and corn meal consumption has also dropped. This shift in taste has had its effects on our economy and is one of the reasons why many wheat farmers are now switching to feed crops and grass seed.

Our bread buying habits—upon which our grain consumption largely depends—are skittish and they serve as a sort of thermometer of the times. In the prosperous Twenties we bought ninety pounds of bread per person a year. This dropped during the Depression but began to rise during the war until by 1947 we reached an all-time high, devouring one hundred and ten pounds per person. Since then it has started to drop again and now stands at five pounds below this figure. The Canadian Bakery Foundation has discovered that big families eat more bread per person than small families, probably because bread, being cheap and filling, helps stretch the budget. In the large cities few housewives bake bread anymore—only about four percent. But on the farms one third still make their own.

The trend toward lighter meals is pointed up by the figures on meat consumption. We still eat enormous quantities of meat, which remains the great staple of the Canadian diet. We each eat annually seventy-two pounds of beef, fifty-four pounds of pork and twenty pounds of other meats. But our meat consumption—up since depression times—has dropped ten percent since the mid-Twenties and beef has replaced the heavier pork as the national favorite. Another indication is our increased desire for poultry. Our consumption of chicken, turkey and other fowl has trebled in the past thirty years and now stands at twenty-seven pounds per person per year. As a result huge poultry farms have sprung



"I said 'switch on.' You want to hear your cereal, don't you?"

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Taking some of his own advice, D. A. Boem of Boem Construction Company used the same shingles on his own home that he often uses on customers — Barrett's colourful Frostone* Gray Shingles. Don Jackson (left) was the Barrett representative for the job. Don has a lot of experience in construction work, helped Mr. Boem choose colours and style.

Lining up the job, after Mr. Boem decided what he wanted, was up to Order Clerk Peter Engholm. He saw to it that the right quantities and style of shingles were on the job site at the right time.

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up to produce fowl by mass methods. In the Annapolis Valley poultry raising has partly filled the gap left by the decline of the apple market. Within a forty mile radius of Kentville, N.S., a hundred farmers have replaced most of their apples with poultry. They each butcher an average of four to six thousand birds a year and one large farm butchers thirty thousand.

A newer kind of meat became popular on Canadian tables during the war: the tinned processed pork and beef. And in spite of soldiers' protests about Spam — a trade name that has become as much a part of the language as Aspirin — the consumption of these meats rose swiftly when the soldiers came home. By 1952 it had quadrupled and we were each eating six pounds of Spam-type meats a year. Now a reaction has set in. Last year the figure dropped to three pounds.

The change in our social habits can be traced by looking at the figures on nut consumption. The rise since the forty-hour week came into being has been nothing less than phenomenal. In 1925 we imported about five ounces per person of peanuts, walnuts, almonds, filberts, cashews, Brazils and others. Now we import seven pounds or about twenty-one times as much per capita. An astute statistician could probably work out a correlation between our consumption of nuts and our growing taste for liquor, which has almost trebled over the same period.

There is little doubt that the more varied diet we now enjoy has contributed to an increase in longevity during the past thirty years. But as the figures on cheese, fish and milk suggest, there is still room for improvement in national eating habits. We eat well enough so that we rarely suffer from scurvy, pellagra, beriberi and rickets — diseases that ravish the body in cases of extreme malnutrition. But several vague and unspecific symptoms are common enough — lack of appetite, fatigue, apathy, insomnia, poor bone formation and nervous debility. They are neither dramatic nor fatal and they are sometimes loosely attributed wrongly to emotional causes. But Dr. L. B. Pett, a federal government nutritionist, says that as many as twenty-five percent of the people who were studied in various parts of Canada are suffering from inadequate diets. Some estimates claim that at least half of all Canadians are overweight, underweight or lacking important nutrients in their diet.

Various studies show that the milder forms of malnutrition are surprisingly common in this country of unlimited food and heavy eaters. In one investigation fifty-five percent of a group of men under thirty who had passed RCAF medical examinations were found to be deficient in Vitamin C (found in citrus fruits, tomatoes, strawberries, potatoes, cabbages and turnips). In twenty percent of the cases the shortage was severe enough to result in a redness, swelling and easy bleeding of the gums, known clinically as gingivitis and popularly as pink toothbrush.

Why They Need Vitamin D

A complete lack of Vitamin C can cause scurvy, with its blackened lips, a disease once mistaken for leprosy. This has become rare today but in 1954 Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children still admitted fifty-four cases. This is of course a drop in the bucket compared with the very large number of children examined by the hospital's physicians and found to be suffering from various kinds of discomfort brought about by a less serious shortage of the vitamin. Between twenty and thirty percent of all Canadians are believed to fall into that category.

Vitamin D, which is found in sunlight, egg yolk and cod-liver oil, is known to prevent rickets, once a widespread childhood ailment. After studying six thousand people in six provinces, Dr. Pett says that the disease is still a problem. "In some areas one out of three children, in others, one out of twenty, show bony deformities that can be described as rachitic." Pett points out that this is in accord with government findings that between thirty-seven and ninety-one percent of all children, even in the first year of life, are getting no source of Vitamin D.

E. Gordon Young of the National Research Council has reviewed dozens of nutritional surveys in Canada and has found evidence of mild anemia among school children and young women. He's also found that an appreciable number of Canadian school children are underweight, in spite of an enormous average caloric intake, and that many of them show signs of past and present deficiencies of calcium and Vitamins B and D.

It's no surprise to learn that many low-income earners are malnourished. The real shocker is that a high proportion of housewives between twenty and thirty-nine years old are ill-fed at a time when we are eating more and better food than ever in our history.

"The wife is probably the worst-fed member in the family," according to a nutritionist on the staff of the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto. Here's why:

"The mother is so busy and anxious about food preparation for her family that she starves herself. At breakfast she rushes to get her husband off to work and the children away to school. After they're gone she satisfies herself with coffee and toast. At noon, with the husband away, she shares soup and sandwiches with the children. At the evening meal by the time she is ready to sit down everybody has left the table. Most husbands aren't courteous enough to stay behind with her."

A survey by the Dairy Farmers of Canada supports this opinion. It shows that a third of the population drinks no milk. And half of these non-milk drinkers are housewives.

There's another section of the population that doesn't eat properly: aged people. Recently a 69-year-old Montrealer was admitted to hospital with scurvy. For some months his daily diet had consisted of dozens of cups of tea with toast. Many older people are living in rented rooms where they are denied cooking privileges. They can't afford to eat at restaurant prices. And sometimes they lack the desire to eat. In a study of a group of older women conducted by this writer this comment came up again and again: "Now that my family's gone I see no point in preparing meals for myself."

The state of our eating habits has been pointed up dramatically by certain industries that decided to put their employees on a regulated diet in the interests of efficiency. In one plant workers were fed milk and fruit in morning and afternoon breaks. Production rose four percent, errors decreased seven percent, and three quarters of the workers said they felt less tired and nervous. In a Mansfield, Ohio, crockery plant where workers have to match white-porcelain clay, Vitamin A pills were distributed free. The increased alertness and production combined with decreased absenteeism saved the company fifty thousand dollars a year. (Cost of the pills: one hundred dollars.)

Everywhere in the world food has its varying effect. In Africa the Masai people, who eat meat, cereals, beans, bananas and milk, are an average five inches taller and fifty percent stronger than the neighboring Kikuyu who exist on a limited diet of vegetables. Canadian explorers have seen startling physical changes — for the worse — among those Eskimos who have abandoned the rich diet of raw liver, hearts and kidneys, in favor of the white man's cooked muscle meat.

In Canada we can look forward to even greater changes than the Eskimos have experienced. Faster and cheaper transportation will bring us more new foods from the corners of the globe. A new method of preserving food indefinitely by atomic radiation is now being perfected and will undoubtedly have profound influences on what we eat and the way we eat it. Horticulturists are developing new varieties of fruit, vegetables and grain that can change the look of the dessert dish and the salad bowl. A search is going on for new sources of food. The day may come when food can be manufactured chemically in large quantities. Whatever happens, one thing is certain: eating will remain the adventure it has always been, and when people stop talking about it they'll be ready to stop eating altogether. ★

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"Scots Wha Hae"

With these stirring words, immortalized in Robbie Burns' poem, King Robert the Bruce addressed his army before the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314. With true Scottish spirit the pikemen stood firm and the enemy troops finally broke and fled.

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Mailbag

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

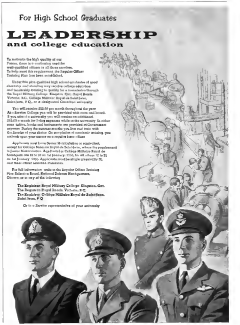
whether drawn on the bank receiving the cheque or on any other chartered bank in Canada. — G. A. Wright, Bentley, Alta.

The Right Bark to Write On

In the story of Brock and Tecumseh (How Brock Founded the Canadian Myth, April 16) Bruce Hutchison says that Tecumseh unrolled a piece of elm bark and drew a map on it. Elm bark is thick and rough. It has a soft pliable inner skin when fresh cut, but when dry you might as well try to roll up a sheet of steel. Indians use it to tie poles together when building a sun dance lodge, as it can be tied in knots like rope. When dry it is like bands of steel.

No doubt the author should have said it was birchbark, which Indians use for many things besides making canoes. I have a number of sheets that are as thin and soft as tissue and can be used as writing paper. — Jas. A. Donaghy, Middle Church, Man.

● Hutchison does not give the true perspective pertaining to the causes of the War of 1812. ... The Yankee Government alleged two reasons for war against Britain, one being the British Orders in Council of 1807. These were for the protection of British commerce in response to Napoleon's Berlin Decrees of 1806 and reduced France to a state of blockade. As France was the aggressor upon the rights of neutrals by the Berlin Decrees,



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For full information, write to the Regular Officer Training Plan Selection Board, National Defence Headquarters, Ottawa, or to any of the following:

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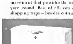

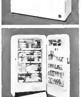
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the American government should have first remonstrated with France and demanded reparation, but this was not the case. The ire of President Madison was against England alone.

The second reason was that the Royal Navy had infringed U.S. rights in searching American vessels for deserters. The luring of men from the British Navy was on a large scale, several thousand being detected and seized on American vessels. England thus exercised her right of boarding vessels of neutral powers in search for deserters. Neither of the American reasons will stand up to scrutiny and were not even mentioned in the Treaty of Ghent that closed the war. Obviously the American declaration of war was for the sole purpose of annexing Canada.—Elvira C. Smith, Peterborough, Ont.

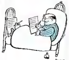
● This is to congratulate you and Bruce Hutchison on The Struggle For The Border. Each episode authentically follows the books we are using in Grades 7 and 8 Social Studies and immediately becomes classroom material. Maclean's has become my favorite magazine, a truly Canadian periodical.—Mrs. Ellen Kremsen, Acadia Valley, Alta.

● Bruce Hutchison's The Struggle For the Border should be required reading in every school in Canada.—H. R. Chauncey, Calgary.

Who Won for Churchill?

Beverley Baxter says in his London Letter (April 16): "Churchill with all his gifts would never have been Prime Minister if Hitler had not bombed him in." Rather could we not say that Churchill went in as Prime Minister with the greatest majority the world has ever known when the whole Commonwealth was tottering? In the last election he went in on his own merits.—Mrs. Alice Tinney, Sundridge, Ont.

● How much longer are we going to be subjected to Baxter, who is so egotistical he would have his picture taken in bed (April 30) and then liken himself to Mark Twain?—F. J. Cameron, Calgary.



● Baxter's Letter was as usual rotten. I should know because I never miss it.—C. A. Johnson, Driftpile, Alta.

How We Became A Nation

Your statement in the editorial, It's What's Behind the Symbol that Counts (April 2), giving credit to Sir Robert Borden for Canada becoming an independent nation is a long way from the facts.

Canada became an independent nation as a reward for her glorious fighting on the battlefields of Flanders and Belgium. Our nationhood was bought with the sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of heroic men. . . . All credit can be given to Sir Robert Borden for his excellent leadership during World War I but it was the Canadian Army that won nationhood for Canada.—George W. Elliott, Willowdale, Ont. ★

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Are We Eating Too Much?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

almost certain that you are overweight. But perhaps you just have a peculiar shape, which is not uncommon, so pinch yourself at the side of the waist. If there's an inch of pudgy flesh between your thumb and index finger when you pinch, you're really fat and have lost the argument. Weight tables make allowance for differences in bone structure and muscular development. A six-foot man, for instance, can be from one hundred and fifty-two pounds to one hundred and eighty-five pounds and still weigh the right amount according to his build. But anybody who is ten percent above the weight indicated for his height and build on the tables is overweight and anybody twenty percent above is classed as obese.

2. If you are overweight and want to get back to "normal"—a word very abused when two million of us are fat—prepare yourself mentally for the anguish of passing up most of the foods you enjoy. Prepare also to forego drinking even such harmless beverages as ginger ale, unless they are non-caloric brands. Get ready to do without pie, ice cream, potatoes, gravy, rice, thick soup, cream, candy, nuts, olives, butter. Get ready, in short, for grey monotony at the table.

Doctors tell you frankly what is in store. They tell husbands they will be prone to snap at their wives and wives they will be prone to snap at their husbands, depending on who is dieting. And in this Age of the Diet they hand out printed sheets purporting to enumerate precisely the calories in any stated quantity of stated food. They write in how many calories you may permit yourself a day—one thousand as a rule in the case of a rigid diet. You juggle your daily ration within this limit, a feat of mental arithmetic. You find yourself adding a slice of bread (seventy-five calories) to a banana (one hundred calories) and comparing a bottle of beer (one hundred and twenty-five calories) with a glass of skim milk (seventy-five calories).

The saving grace is that most doctors scribble at the bottom of most diet sheets, "Eat all the lean meat you want." They cap this generous gesture by confiding that rare steak is best—so you chew steak while the children boil stew and even then the family budget is thrown out of kilter.

Your doctor will also tell you that it's important that you have three meals a day, however inferior they are, and he may caution you to eat slowly. This is supposed to delude you into believing you are eating more than you really are—if you're that abysmally stupid.

Whatever advice you get will be difficult to follow and will involve self-denial because you have to eat less to weigh less. The most authoritative recent volume on obesity, by two Mayo Clinic doctors, asserts flatly that "fat comes only from eating food, and obesity results only from eating more than is required to meet the energy requirements of the body." It likewise asserts that an obese person, to remain obese, must eat more than a person of average weight. Nutritionists explain that the average housewife requires twenty-one hundred calories of food a day. Her basal metabolism burns thirteen hundred and fifty of them to keep her alive even if she just stays in bed. She expends the balance walking up and down stairs, dusting the furniture, sweeping the rugs, washing the dishes and doing her other chores.

The moderately active man with a white-collar job uses twenty-seven hundred calories a day although he may put in his working hours quietly sitting at a desk. The laborer, if he digs ditches, may burn five thousand calories without growing pudgy. But nutritionists agree that exercising is an appalling way to try to reduce, since to lose a single pound you have to run forty-three miles. (A do-it-yourself fan can lose a pound laying fifteen thousand bricks—several days' work for the fastest bricklayer.)

The experts bluntly contradict the claim of many a fat man that because of his body chemistry his calorie intake burns slower than that of a thin man. They say the reverse is true. By their calculations the basal metabolism of a thirty-five-year-old man weighing a hundred pounds has to be fueled by thirteen hundred and sixty calories a day, while the basal metabolism of a thirty-five-year-old man who weighs two hundred pounds needs eighteen hundred and forty calories. They explain that basal metabolism increases in relation to the surface area of the body—and a fat man of course has a greater surface area.

The Mayo specialists take issue, too, with the fat person who claims he absorbs more calories from the same amount of food than the lean man. They say people of normal weight absorb one percent more calories from their food than the obese.

But they, and all nutritionists, are more or less baffled by the scrawny individual who can eat like a horse without putting on an ounce. The explanation here may be in the little understood factor of temperament. Such an individual may be restless, always on the move, even when reclining in an easy chair. The fat are more likely to be placid and relaxed.

"Nobody Has to be Fat"

While there are deviations from normal metabolism, as in the case of a hyperthyroid type whose engine races at high speed, there is lack of evidence that glandular disorders cause much obesity. Glands influence the distribution of fat on the body—which is why women aren't shaped like men—but not the quantity of fat.

However, there is evidence that fat people are fat because they had fat parents. A New York Bureau of Nutrition survey of a large group of women showed that eighty-two percent of those who were obese had one or two obese parents. Of those of average weight only thirty-two percent had an obese parent.

Parents can bequeath their fatness to their offspring in two ways. The first is by teaching them to eat fattening foods like cream soup, pork, rich sauces, cakes and pastry, and to pass their plates back for two or three servings at every meal. The second—true inheritance—is by handing down genes with a predisposition to obesity. When fat people marry, their children will tend to be fat; similarly, when lean people marry, their children will tend to be lean. But regardless of heredity, nobody has to be fat, according to Dr. Herluf H. Strandskov of the University of Chicago, who says, "It is absurd to believe that nothing can be done to control a characteristic which has a hereditary basis."

Dr. Strandskov is one of the scientists who are digging into the question of why we eat so much and what determines the size of the appetite. These scientists have coined a word for the automatic mechanism that regulates our eating habits. They call this the "appestat." It is located in the brain near the pituitary gland and if it fre-

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tions as it should it signals when your body's food requirements have been met. But quite often it doesn't function properly. Emotional disturbances for example may throw it out of gear.

A woman in her late forties gained fifty pounds in three years. Questioned she revealed to doctors, "I eat when I feel blue." She confessed that the last few years had been unhappy. Her children had left home to get married so they didn't need her. Neither did her husband who was so busy with his career he hardly had time for her. "I feel useless," she said.

A businessman of forty suffered acute palpitations after quarrelling with his wife. After such quarrels he would sit down to a huge meal. "It calms my nerves," he explained.

After studying forty obese children in New York Doctors Hilde Bruch and Grace Touraine suggest there is a striking resemblance in family relationships which produce both obesity and alcoholism. The mother is often guilty of over-pampering and over-protecting her child. It is not unusual for the mother to be disappointed with her husband because he is weak; she showers extra affection on her child. In such homes the giving of food is charged with emotional value. In the case of one eleven-year-old boy who weighed 170 pounds the physician advised strict adherence to a thousand-calorie-a-day diet. After the child lost five pounds the anguished mother phoned the doctor. "You're starving the boy," she complained. "I'm taking him off his diet."

Case histories like this are being gathered by practitioners of a new science, psychodietetics, which is probing into why some of us undereat, why some of us overeat, why some of us have allergies. Psychodietetics has already established that our childhood experiences are important in determining our food tastes as adults.

If mother served a wide variety of dishes we are apt to have catholic food tastes all our lives. The fond feeling for "mother's cooking" is tied up with the love of mother and a happy childhood. It can also work the other way. The daughter of a father who liked fish feared him and regarded him as a tyrant. She developed an aversion to fish. Again painful scenes at the table may become associated in the child's mind with certain foods and he may avoid them.

As a result of our early experiences, certain foods can become symbols to us. Milk may represent security; reward may be hot dogs, ice cream, cake and chocolate bars, and we seek solace in them when we feel we are being abused or frustrated. There can be food aversions acquired late in life like that of the married man who became depressed when he drank a Martini. None of the ingredients that went into the cocktail affected him when he drank them individually. Later it was discovered that he had once met a girl in New York while on a business trip. They embarked on an affair. At dinner they usually drank Martinis. The affair—now ended—was costly, painful and humiliating and almost wrecked the man's marriage. Now unconsciously he associated the cocktail with the unhappy experience.

Beefing About the Steak

The psychodieteticians have discovered that food can be used as a yardstick to measure the strength of a marriage relationship. A man may reject his wife for any number of reasons—social, sexual, religious or economic. Such a wife may discover that no matter how delicious her dishes are her husband will find them unpalatable. The husband might even complain publicly about his wife's cooking instead of dwelling on shortcomings that really trouble him. For it's socially acceptable to complain about the way a wife burns steaks but not about her stupidity or nagging.

On the other hand a superior cook married to a man who appreciates good food may save her marriage in spite of other failings. That's why Dr. Lowell S. Selling and Mary Ferraro, who wrote a book on the psychology of eating, suggested that "for the girl about to be married food instruction is as important as sex instruction." The family where both sex and nutrition are maladjusted is in for serious trouble.

But happily married or not most obese people want to lose weight. Most of them try to do so at one time or another and most of them fail. It has been the experience of most doctors that after one year nine out of ten dieters have either failed initially to reduce their weight or have recovered the pounds they struggled to get rid of. Women over thirty are notoriously poor dieters. They talk a good diet but don't stick to it like men. One of the reasons for so many failures is that many dieters don't want to lose weight badly enough. The most impressive argument for them is the relationship between weight and longevity.

Overweight puts a heavy strain on every vital function of the body. Take the heart for example. Forty pounds of extra fat means that the heart has to pump blood through twenty-four extra miles of blood vessels. That's the same as burdening an Austin motor with a Cadillac chassis. Mortality from diseases of the heart and blood vessels among overweight persons is more than one and a half times that of average weight men. The austere low-fat diet in Denmark and Norway during World War II had at least one beneficial effect: there was a dramatic decline in the degenerative diseases of the kidney, heart and blood vessels. The death rate from diabetes is eight times as high among the overweight. Obesity increases the hazards of childbirth as well as all kinds of surgery.

Having convinced himself of all this the fat person usually wonders whether there isn't some way to reduce short of semi-starvation. There isn't.

Dabbling with reducing pills and drugs without a doctor's guidance is like carelessly playing with a loaded gun. A person can injure himself with them—perhaps fatally. There is no effective and harmless reducing drug known to medicine. Any drug that can increase the body's rate of burning up calories to bring about weight reduction without dieting is dangerous. In Canada federal health laws make it difficult for laymen to purchase such drugs without a doctor's prescription. Sometimes a physician will give these drugs to a patient as an aid in the early stages of his dieting. But he prescribes them cautiously.

Nor are steam baths the road to slenderness. After profuse sweating a person might drop a few pounds but this is merely due to the loss of water in the body. Driven by thirst he drinks large quantities of liquid and the weight bounces right back on again. (Two glasses of water weigh a pound.) As for rubbing and massage they promote good circulation and keep the tissues in firm condition. But the only person who's likely to take off weight by such treatment is the person doing the rubbing.

The so-called miracle diets (ten-day diet, the steak-and-salad diet) are described by a publication of the American Medical Association as both dangerous and ineffective. The big danger of such diets is that they assume every person has the same nutritional needs. One thousand calories a day might be fine for a housewife who stays home and has little to do. But it can be dangerous for a man who has to do a full day's work.

Some of the short-cut diets advise the overweight person to confine himself to one or two foods, such as "the pineapple diet," "steak and salad," "bananas and skim milk." One woman who followed such advice and existed on milk and bananas for a few months ended up in the Toronto General Hospital with a vitamin deficiency disease—pellagra. This was not surprising to the physicians who examined her. No one or two foods alone can satisfy all the vitamin and mineral requirements of the body. After a few months the absence of certain nutrients can seriously affect health.

While a conventional, balanced low-calorie diet may have less razzle-dazzle appeal than the miracle diet, millions of people have proved that it is both effective and safe. Sometimes the results are dramatic. Not long ago a woman weighing 366 pounds was brought to the Toronto General Hospital from a northern Ontario town. She was so huge she had to travel in the baggage car. Doctors put her on a one-thousand-calorie daily diet and rigidly enforced it. In eleven months she shed 128 pounds. ★

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London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

the Berliners long for reunification? Up to a point, yes. West Berlin is the petted favorite with all its dollars and pounds and francs. West Berlin is the courtesan that can smile or pout or threaten. In time of course West and East Germany must reunite but why get excited about it too soon? There is of course a sharp difference in meaning between the Russian sector and the Russian zone. Anyone can cross from West Berlin to the East sector in the underground railway and the reverse is equally true, but if anyone tries to cross from the East zone into West Germany then watch out for the machine gun and the rifle. Yet, strangely enough, part of the wired frontier between the zones runs through a suburb of Berlin.

Maj.-Gen. W. P. Oliver, the British commander in chief of our forces in Berlin, drove me in his car to where we could see the wired frontier only three hundred yards away. I was rather relieved when the inspection ended. One could almost feel the machine guns pointing to our side of the wire.

It was on this same visit that the General stopped outside the grim Spandau prison where the seven Nuremberg criminals eke out their miserable days and nights. It is like a fortress, yet there are no other prisoners but these seven. Each power in turn—the United States, Britain, France and Russia—takes on a weekly tour of duty. The Russians do not allow the prisoners to speak to each other, but the Allies have relaxed the discipline of the early months and have done their best to humanize the long ordeal. Yet there has been no attempt by the Bonn Government to secure the release of the men of Nuremberg.

East Berlin Ghost Sector

When you talk with Germans today you might think that Hitler and the Nazis never existed. They tell you with apparent sincerity that they never knew about the concentration camps. You do not hear Hitler praised or condemned. To judge by the attitude of the people he might never have existed.

We crossed twice into the Russian sector of Berlin and even visited the Institute of Russian German Friendship. In one room were a dozen fanatical young Berliners studying that old bore Karl Marx. In other rooms there were large photographs of Moscow, as well as busts of Lenin and Stalin, but no one seemed to be paying much attention to them. A nice matronly German woman attendant worked very hard on us and I have no doubt that she reported that we were duly converted.

Hitler's bunker is in the Russian sector but it stands in a heap of ruins as though no one will lift a finger to clean it up.

The difference between East and West Berlin is startling. As I said at the beginning of the letter there is an immense vitality in the West sector, but the East sector might be populated by ghosts. Even on a holiday with a warm sun shining the Unter Den Linden was as empty as Portage Avenue in Winnipeg on a Sunday morning.

From Berlin we flew to Dusseldorf. It is a city of about half a million people and it took a terrible plastering from our bombers. Today it is the boom town of the Rhineland. New factories have sprung from the ruins and their output is enormous. And, true to tradition, they have two opera houses with performances that would rival Covent Garden or the Metropolitan at their best. Probably there is more to learn from Dusseldorf than from Berlin because the workers there are doing prodigious things.

But naturally the question uppermost in my mind was how the German regards the raising of a new army to take its part in the defense of Western Europe. Let me repeat that at the moment Hitler is as dead as a prehistoric mammal. Politically Doctor Adenauer has committed his government to remilitarization. The Germans have little stomach for it. They just want to be left alone and work night and day in the factories. They would rather be taxed heavily and pay the allied forces as mercenaries even as in the American Revolution we employed German mercenaries — including my great-great-grandfather. Truly the sardonic dramatist has come into his own.

On my return to London I was asked officially to act as parliamentary host to a visiting deputation of six German members of parliament. After showing them around the Palace of Westminster we had lunch in one of the private rooms and discussed the matter of German rearmament. It was like trying to borrow five pounds from a Scotsman. Yet if Russia were to attack the West, then Germany would be in the centre of the battlefield. Neutrality must be a physical impossibility. What is more, if she refused to defend herself then the Western powers might have to unleash the horror of atomic warfare against the invading forces. In fairness I must say that my guests realize the strategic position they occupy but they are sick to death of militarism. That mood may change and it is a tragedy that we have to encourage it to change. But as things are now the German would be happy if he never saw a uniform again.

Yet I came back from Germany in a mood that was more optimistic than pessimistic. For the first time in their history the Germans are settling down to normal parliamentary government and in the process they are acquiring a sense of individual responsibility. What is more they are convinced that under modern conditions there is no such thing as victory in war but only varying degrees of disaster. They have learned from the occupying troops, including the Canadians, that men can be soldiers yet retain the spirit of civilian life. At any rate, let me repeat that Hitler is very very dead and if the West remains united his evil spirit should never rise from the ruins that he brought upon his country. ★

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How Long Can the Earth Keep Us Eating?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

3,300 calories a day if you are to maintain your normal weight. Calories however are more fashionable than understandable and are only an arbitrary form of indicating how much heat or energy is represented by a certain amount of a certain kind of food. You can equate an egg with so many slices of bread simply as fuel, though their contributions to your welfare in other ways are very different.

A pound of butter or a pound and a half of sugar a day would give you calories or energy enough to do all the work you need to do, but you would not live very long if that was all you ate. You need a host of different substances, though in the course of our annual consumption of food we usually manage to pick up enough of each. In this connection it would be surprising if we failed to do so, for the average North American consumes each year about 350 quarts of milk, 360 eggs, 170 pounds of meat, poultry and fish, 190 pounds of grain, 130 pounds of potatoes, 65 pounds of fats and oils, 480 pounds of vegetables and fruits, 110 pounds of sugar and about twenty pounds of coffee, tea and chocolate. It amounts to about 1,300 pounds per person per year, not counting the water in the milk. At the other extreme, in Indonesia, the average yearly consumption is about 800 pounds, of which meat, fish, sugar and milk are almost negligible. Requirements are somewhat less because of the warmer climate, but the nutritional difference is still large.

If You Were Built of Bricks!

What it all means however is that every individual who manages to live out his or her three score years and ten consumes between thirty and forty tons of food during his or her life. Moreover every pound of flesh eaten should be converted into terms of vegetation needed to produce it. Protein is protein and you are generally as well off with one kind as another, although there are exceptions. But each pound of cow that you eat represents at least seven pounds of cattle feed, so that the six tons of meat you but not your East Indian brother consume during your seventy years is equivalent to more than forty tons of primary food stuff. In terms of the burden upon the soil, most North Americans, Europeans, Russians and Argentinians who live out their full span use up about eighty tons of basic food to get the thirty or forty tons they actually eat during their lifetime.

Yet this quantitative picture is only one view of it. Body fuel is necessary for the machine to work, but the living mechanism itself demands almost every element the earth possesses to remain in a healthy state. Nor is it a case of acquiring the proper materials once and for all. The nature of all that lives is that every substance taken in finds its way into the complicated structural scheme, stays there for only a while and then moves out, with fresh material taking its place. This applies to water and it applies to the calcium in your bones and the iron in your blood. It is as though you were built of bricks, some of which fall out every day and have continually to be replaced. Some stay in place for no more than a few hours, others for many months, but none stays there indefinitely, and you keep in good condition only as long as you replace the right kinds in the right places fast enough.

Replacing some kinds is a major operation which demands a large intake of food, particularly of a protein nature, and a constant working of the kidneys to eliminate nitrogenous waste. Others are so rare as to be hardly detectable but they may be just as vital in the working of the body. Even the heavy metals have their part to play and too much or too little at any one time may have disastrous consequences. And in the last analysis you can only be what the soil allows you to be, either more or less directly through the vegetarian foods you eat or more indirectly by way of meat, milk and eggs. What isn't there you don't get, and what the cows, sheep and pigs don't get, you don't get either.

Nowadays we are generally better off than we need to be inasmuch as modern marketing makes food available that has come from widely different parts of the continent. A local deficiency is compensated by food brought in from somewhere else. In the days before everyone had a car, when people were more or less content to stay put and live off the food produced in their own vicinity, the regional lack of some essential component needed to sustain human or animal life could be serious. In the early Twenties Pemberton Valley in British Columbia was about to be evacuated because widespread goitre — a deficiency disease of the thyroid gland among the human population and the inability of cows, pigs and even chickens to reproduce were creating a disastrous situation. Iodine, which is essential for the proper functioning of the thyroid gland, was lacking, as is the case in most mountainous country. The simple administration of iodine by adding it to salt overcame the troubles. The clue came from the Indian village at the lower end of the valley that had no sanitation, where neither the Indians nor their pigs were bothered with goitre. The salmon, fresh from the sea, enjoyed by men and pigs alike, provided the necessary amount of iodine.

Nearly half of the known elements in the universe are to be found in the human body and of these about half are essential components. The rest, which include some gold and silver and even a trace of radium, may also be important, or many of them may be just passing through. Some may even be unwanted or downright poisonous. In fact almost any of the so-called trace elements—minerals like cobalt, silver, lead and so on, which are essential to humans and cattle alike—can be deadly when taken in excess. In this respect all life is one, for it is true of living matter generally, from bacteria and Penicillium mold to human beings and pine trees.

Few people realize that the sheep in large sections of the world have been faced with extermination because of a lack of one element, cobalt, which sheep in particular need in their diet only to the extent of one part in a million. In countries as far apart as Scotland and Australia and New Zealand, and in areas of soil deficiency near the North American seaboard and the Great Lakes, there has occurred for many years a disease of sheep that manifests itself by anaemia and emaciation terminating in death. There are many names for it, such as Pining, Bush Sickness or Morton Mains disease, but all add up to cobalt deficiency. Minute amounts of cobalt added to the feed at intervals cure and prevent the disease. The recent discovery that vitamin B_{12}, which is necessary to our own health and vigor, is a cobalt-containing substance emphasizes the importance of the element.

We are all aware of our need for iron

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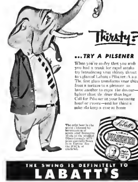
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THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO
LABATT'S

"In our food, phosphates call the tune. Without them all life ceases to grow"

particularly for the maintenance of good red blood, but we are less aware of the need for such elements as zinc and copper. Lack of zinc in the soil has been a source of major economic loss to Texas and Arizona planters of pecan trees and lack of zinc in food prevents rats and mice from growing—and by implication human beings as well. Copper-deficient soils which are widely spread in North and South America, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Great Britain and Holland produce copper-deficient grass and hay, which in turn produces a wasting disease in cattle. The cattle disease known for many years in Florida as salt sick appears to be of this kind. It is fatal not only to cattle but to goats and sheep as well. Disease of lambs resulting from copper shortage is troublesome in various parts of England, Australia and regions as far apart as Sweden, India and Peru, a disease which literally turns the brain and spinal cord to jelly and affects the lambs while still in the maternal womb. Copper added to the fodder of the ewes prevents the trouble. In Australia the addition of seven pounds of zinc and copper sulphate per acre to the usual superphosphate fertilizer has made the land capable of supporting three or four sheep per acre where it could support none before. The grass roots draw it out of the soil and the sheep eat the grass—and we eat the sheep.

Running short of some vital trace element may have accounted for the disappearance of large human populations in various parts of the world during the past, perhaps as floods and erosion removed richly endowed topsoil and left deficient or unusable subsoil in its place. We need very little of these metals, to be sure, but the little we do need we cannot do without, for one by one they enter into the making of the body enzymes, those active agents that control the chemical transformation of the organism. Iron, copper, zinc and cobalt are like jewels in our chemical clocks.

The trace substances are only a part of the story of what is needed to make a man or a mouse. They are, however, the weakest link and the hardest to identify since so small amounts are needed. But we need calcium and phosphorus just as vitally; only since we need so much of these we are much more aware of them. Both are needed for bone and teeth and muscle and no substitutes are possible. And we need iron for our blood and a goodly quantity at that. When our grandparents were young the people in certain areas had brittle bones and their hens laid eggs with fragile shells—calcium was in short supply, as it is to some extent in England's diet now. In other areas there was endemic anaemia—iron-poor soil produced food that was poor in iron and the human inhabitants suffered accordingly. If there is no fluorine, which is necessary for tooth enamel, teeth may decay too readily, though nowadays most of us get as much as we require from the diverse foods we manage to buy and only exceptionally have any need to fluorinate our drinking water.

Yet in the end phosphorus in the form of phosphates appears to call the tune. We need it for our bones, for the action of our muscles, for the sheaths that insulate our nerves and most likely for thought itself, and we need a lot of it. So does almost everything else that lives, and when phosphorus in either soil or sea becomes exhausted life ceases to grow or even to maintain itself.

During the past few centuries there have been great changes in man's relationship with the sustaining minerals of the earth. The most obvious, of course, is the increase in human numbers from five hundred million in the middle of the seventeenth century to the twenty-five hundred millions of 1950, a five-fold increase in three hundred years. If the pace keeps up the outlook is ominous. Thanks to our increased access to energy and to our highly developed means of transportation, we are eating foods from many new areas from which we have never had food before, from areas that cannot look forward to any natural replenishment of their mineral supply. The great dams built across the Colorado and the Nile, for instance, now hold back the silt they used to carry down, to the detriment of the dams themselves and also of the water that reaches the lands below. The overflow water is deficient in the mineral nutrients it used to carry, and artificial fertilizers have to be added to maintain the fertility of the lower areas. Also the incessant disposal of urban wastes means that the soil everywhere gets continually poorer and the sea richer. Perhaps the contemporary craving for seafood is a subconscious reaching out for minerals our tissues are beginning to lack, for it is a fact that when a child acquires the habit of eating dirt it is usually because minerals are lacking in the diet and somehow the body seems to know what is needed.

We have two serious problems that concern every one of us, whether we farm the land ourselves or eat the fruits of it in a city apartment. These are the deterioration of the soil and the loss of soil. Once the green cover of the land is lost, whether by cutting or burning of forests, overgrazing or excessive ploughing, wind and water between them blow and wash the soil away. During the short time of the white man's occupation of North America about five million acres of crop and range land have either been essentially destroyed or so badly damaged by erosion they cannot be restored. Of the nine inches of topsoil which it is reckoned was the average depth when Europeans first colonized this continent about one third has already been washed away. The total silt load carried down to the sea every year by the Mississippi alone is said to be 735 million tons; the U S Soil Conservation Service estimates that each year more than five billion tons of soil are eroded away from all lands within that country and of this total three billions are skimmed off agricultural lands. Since the middle of the nineteenth century more soil has washed or blown off this continent than all that was originally present in Texas and California put together.

Land practices in other parts of the world are hardly better and have been worse. In our efforts to expand the material basis of humanity we have literally cut the ground from under our feet. The more numerous we have become the less we have to live on, for we have been using up capital at an alarming rate.

For time out of mind the soil has been taken for granted as something God-given and somehow inexhaustible. Soil is renewable—of that there is no doubt. The difficulty lies with man who does not live long enough to wait for depleted soil to renew itself. For soils are largely the production of climate, land elevation and vegetation acting on a particular region of the earth's crust, which in turn is composed of some particular kind of rock or rocks. The rocky crust varies greatly from place to place and no matter how effectively the climate and vegetation combine to pulverize it to produce soil texture nothing can be added that is not originally present, apart from the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen by certain plants. The only natural change is likely to be loss of mineral components through leaching, that is, through the flushing of the soil by rain or floods.

It's Time We Got Wise

The tropical rain belt, for instance, has been so rained upon for so long that it is hard for a respectable mammal in the rain forests to get enough minerals to build good bones and it is not surprising that this is the land of pygmies, human and otherwise. Africa as a whole has lost so much of its minerals, if not soil as soil, that it is doubtful if the continent will ever support or produce much more than it does at present. Elsewhere, particularly in more northern latitudes during the most recent ice age, glaciers have scoured the mountain ranges and melt-water floods have carried and spread untold quantities of good rock powder over the continents, rich in minerals and nicely timed for human exploitation.

This is when agriculture and cattle herding first began. Since then we have wreaked our will on the land all too effectively, with the aid of axe, plough and our domesticated grazing animals. The earth will replenish the soil in her own good time if only we leave it alone, but in any case it won't be in our time unless we have the patience to wait through another ice age and start all over again, perhaps one hundred thousand years hence. Perhaps instead we had better do something about the conditions now existing.

What can be done to balance our nutritional budget so that we live upon our earthly income and not upon a capital that is fast disappearing? A number of remedies have been proposed. One statement that you hear bandied around a lot, though never by a marine biologist, is that the sea affords an inexhaustible supply of food for an increasingly hungry humanity and that all we need to do is to catch it, eat the fish and convert the rest into something a little more palatable than nature has made it. Undoubtedly the sea is rich in all the essential minerals, including phosphates and nitrates and the total contained in the whole bulk

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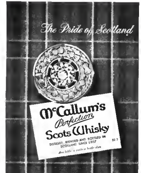
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THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO
LABATT'S

"Synthetic foods aren't the answer. It would be like living our lives on mush"

of the oceans is probably for all practical purposes inexhaustible. If we could get hold of it all we could so fertilize the land that we could raise a human crop so dense there would be virtually standing room only and the unfortunates nearest the edge would continually find themselves pushed off into the sea again.

The trouble is that we can't get hold of any more than a fraction of the fertile water and its potential contents and for that matter neither can the fishes. For the depths of the ocean, however rich in phosphates they may be, are unproductive and beyond our reach. Only the surface waters down to the comparatively shallow depth to which light can penetrate can produce the microscopic plant life upon which all else feeds. The quantity of this life even within this belt is sharply limited by the rather scanty amount of phosphate the water contains. There is a good sea crop to be here, but we are doing a pretty effective job already at catching it in the only truly profitable form we are likely to consider—as fish and various kinds of shellfish.

Food We Find in the Sea

In a general way the sea calls for conservation rather than further exploitation, as almost every fishery expert will testify, and dreams of supporting masses of mankind on a diet of plankton paste are more nightmarish than delectable. It would be nourishing certainly, but it would be both expensive and unappetizing.

Cultivating the microscopic fresh-water plant *Chlorella*, which is not unlike a kind of green yeast, may be a little more practicable. You can find it in almost every pond, particularly if the pond has been well fertilized by cows or rotting vegetation. Furthermore the plant flourishes at near-desert temperatures and can be grown in systems of plastic tubes utilizing sunlight, water and processed sewage as the basis for production. It may be possible to mass produce it for as little as twelve cents a pound, with much the same food value pound for pound as steak, and to use it as chicken or cattle food. Yet at the best it will hardly be more than a substantial addition to our larder, certainly not enough to take care of our rapidly increasing family. Neither sea paste made by catching and condensing the microscopic plant and animal life of sea—already in use in the East Indies—nor *Chlorella* itself is the answer. Nor is that engineer's dream that seems almost about to come true—the artificial production of chlorophyll and the manufacture of synthetic foods independently of living plants and animals.

This latter would be a very great technical accomplishment, just as the making of hydrogen bombs is one, but putting humanity on to an exclusive mass-production factory basis is one of those thoughts that has all the attraction of atomic war. If we cannot enjoy life on bread alone we certainly won't tolerate living from the cradle to the grave on synthetic mush. Yet one of the world's best known automotive engineers welcomes the prospect as one that will release mankind from the tyranny of the earth's green growth. He should stick to cars, though that may be the trouble.

So what is left? Primarily the need to come to our senses and live on terms of mutual respect with the earth that has borne us. As long as we act like spoiled children gobbling our cake and shouting for more on the crass assumption that the supply is everlasting we face disaster. We must do what we can to conserve and restore the soil and we must keep our numbers within reasonable limits so that our demands upon the soil are not excessive, or else we can look forward to a runty race of half-starved billions governed by a favored well-fed few. There is no fun in that. Numbers alone are unimportant when quality is at stake. If we are to maintain ourselves in the state that nature evidently has intended, we will have to follow certain rules of good behavior. And the rules hold at the individual, the national and the international levels, for mankind is all in the same boat.

First, we must take care of the watersheds, reconstructing wherever we have destroyed, so that silt and water no longer will rush madly toward the sea, whether the watershed be the hill behind your house or the Rocky Mountains. And we must plant our crops and graze our animals in such a way that wind and water can no longer blow and wash more topsoil away—for what goes, so far as we are concerned, goes forever. These are merely the conditions that may keep the situation from getting worse. Nature herself may lend a helping hand, but only as far as we allow her to return to her natural wildness. This is the last thing we appear to want to do, although it might in the end turn out to be the first thing we actually do before we give up the game of being supermen.

Over and above this we can use our ingenuity to replenish the soil of its lost richness or perhaps bring new soil into being. Three major elements are required for re-fertilizing—nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium. Of these there is a superabundance of nitrogen in the atmosphere, and certain plants, mainly of the pea and bean family, have been busy through the ages converting it into nitrates which enrich the soil, a fact upon which rotation of crops is based. Now we imitate them in industry and there is no limit to how much we can add to the soil. Potassium is relatively abundant in the earth's crust and can be found in any needed quantity. But phosphorus is another story. It is diffused through the soil in most parts of the world but the phosphates we add as fertilizer come from certain deposits formed beneath the sea a long time ago. When they are used up, which will occur probably within the next few centuries, there will be no more capital to draw upon, no more to mine and no other source upon which we can depend.

Then it becomes a matter of simple arithmetic—so much phosphorus per human being, so much phosphorus in the soil, just so many healthy humans. It is a little more complicated than that but not too much. Therefore we conserve the soil and its phosphates or we bequeath a progressively ravished land to our successors and so on down the years until the whole earth looks like one enormous worn-out farm. If we regard ourselves as the animals we are, in the nutritional sense, even if in no other, the two luxuries we cannot afford are overbreeding and overgrazing. They are as disastrous to man as they are to sheep. Sheep know no better, being proverbially witless, but we have brains and it is time we used them. ★

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starring
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YVONNE MITCHELL
ARMIN DAHLEN
ALEXANDER KNOX

This is a true story (Life, Nov. 3, 1952) A baby, the flotsam of war-ravaged Europe, finds he has two mothers. Which should have the boy [illegible] the one who raised him from infancy—or his blood mother? If you were the judge—could you decide, or would you be of "Divided Heart"?

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starring
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DAVID KNIGHT MARGO LORENZ
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in
"ONE GOOD TURN"
also starring
JOAN RICE THORA HIRD
SHIRLEY ABICAIR

"PASSAGE HOME"
starring
ANTHONY STEEL
PETER FINCH
DIANE CILENTO

COMING SOON TO YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

Don't Ever Mention Food to Us Again

Workmen start to lug in six tons of meat to Ken Bell's studio in Toronto.

Bell (at left) and assistants arrange groceries for photograph of cereals.

Carol Ann White, four, on her first modeling job, gets her instructions.

And this is how it all looks to her just before photo on page 18 was made.

THE MEMBERS of our art department have asked us a favor, that we do not mention food to them in the near future. They no longer have any stomach for the stuff and we fully understand. They've literally been surrounded by food for the past several weeks.

Take those pictures on pages 17, 18 and 19, for instance. There's forty tons of food there and it all had to be trucked along the Lakeshore Highway to Ken Bell's photographic studio in downtown Toronto. Bell was the obvious man to take the pictures because he's the only photographer we know with a studio big enough to hold seventeen thousand quarts of milk.

Bell took pictures of food for five solid days. Every morning at dawn he and seven helpers would unload tons of it and pile it up to be photographed. This presented some problems. It took the equivalent of one hundred thousand sixty-watt bulbs to light the set and under the accumulated heat the fresh vegetables tended to wilt. This meant that Bell and his men had to wait until the last moment to pile the perishables into the scene, and then, as soon as the photographs were made, rush them back to the warehouse.

The photograph across pages 12 and 13 was even more complicated. It took forty-one people three weeks to produce it. Besides photographers (there were four on the job) we hired set designers, artists, carpenters, painters, prop men, wardrobe mistresses, chefs, maids, color processors, models and two boys with a vintage Ford. (Alas, it hardly shows in the resultant photograph.)

The double-duty set, designed and built especially for us, was constructed and photographed in the Horse Palace of the Canadian National Exhibition. The details of the design, half of it modern, half of it thirty years old, required the advice of experts who made sure that everything was authentic, from the beads on Juliette's 1925 costume to the modern dresses from Creed's, the Don McGeach period furniture, the modern furniture from Shelagh's, the wine and cigars, the new Ford Thunderbird in the background.

When actual shooting took place, chief photographer Paul Rockett found that he needed, in addition to normal floodlights and spotlights, fifteen fast-action strobelites. These produced a flash of light equivalent to one million sixty-watt bulbs, but the flash lasted for only one ten-thousandth of a second. When the job was done, the models, many of them well-known TV personalities, dug into the food with a will. It had been prepared at Winston's Theatre Grill and in just ten minutes it was all gone, fourteen-pound crown rib roast and all. ★

Here's scene in the CNE Horse Palace just before picture on page 12 was taken.

The Fleet puts in to Caraquet

In most Maritime cod-fishing ports just about now boats are putting in for the colorful annual ceremony of blessing the fleet. To capture the scene, artist James Hill journeyed down to Caraquet, N.B., on the Bay of Chaleur. He returned with a pocket of notes from which we've culled the incidental intelligence that Caraquet is the longest village in Canada (twelve miles) and its people are of mixed Acadian-Channel Islands stock.

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

Altogether a hard man to beat, especially with a Liberal in the field to split the anti-Government vote.

Outside South York, in the province generally, the CCF has far less support than the Liberal Party—only half as much according to a Gallup Poll at the start of the campaign. But the Liberal strength is spread all over the province in many a riding that the Liberals can't possibly win, whereas the CCF strength is more solidly bunched in a few industrial ridings. CCF strategists claim they can take five or six seats in Greater Toronto, perhaps as many more in the Windsor and Welland areas, maybe the odd seat in other places like Sault Ste. Marie and Hamilton, and they think this may put them ahead of the Liberals.

To all of which the Liberals answer with a tolerant smile. "We may not be able to beat Leslie Frost," they imply, "but at least we can beat the CCF." It'll be interesting to see who's right—about the only thing that's interesting about the election.

MACLEAN'S

SO FAR OTTAWA has had no proposals from the United States about the much-rumored bargain to guarantee the security of Formosa. According to the rumor, Washington would undertake to get Chiang Kai-shek's forces off the coastal islands like Quemoy and the Matsus if in return the Western allies would join the U.S. in a guarantee of Formosa itself. Even though unconfirmed, the rumor is widely assumed to be true, and it has caused some concern here.

Canada wants no part of defending Formosa or Chiang. L. B. Pearson, Minister of External Affairs, has said repeatedly that Canada has no commitments there and neither he nor anyone else in Ottawa plans to assume any. But it's not hard to visualize circumstances in which this refusal would be more difficult and complicated than a flat, simple "No."

Fanciest of these hypothetical situations is the blunt proposition so often set forth in dope stories from Washington. These represent the U.S. as saying, in effect:

"Okay, we'll do what you people are all clamoring for, we'll make Chiang pull out of the coastal islands. But of course we'll have to promise him something in return for that concession, and a fair price would be a general undertaking that we'll get together to help him defend Formosa itself from attack. How about it?"

Ottawa, for one Western capital, would answer: "That's no bargain at all. Chiang has no business in the coastal islands. He has no more right to demand that we pay him for getting out than a racketeer has to sell protection against attacks from his own thugs."

Not many think, though, that anything so crude would be suggested. Much more likely, in Ottawa's view, is some such proposal as this:

"We have persuaded Chiang Kai-shek to withdraw from the coastal islands, and now we want to lay the whole thing before the United Nations.

"It's no use taking this up with the Security Council because the Russians would veto anything we might propose. But we'd like to have a resolution by the General Assembly (where no veto can be used) saying that no final solution to the Formosa problem should be imposed by force. And we'd like you to sponsor that resolution."

That type of approach would really put Ottawa in a tight spot. To refuse a guarantee to a discredited Chinese dictator is one thing; to refuse to vote against the use of force is quite another. Yet if Canada did sponsor or even support such a pious-sounding resolution, its effect would be to saddle us with an implied commitment if the resolution were defied by the Chinese Communists.

Ottawa is so determined to avoid any such commitment that some way out of this diplomatic dilemma would probably be found. And the determination to avoid a commitment is not, as some Americans suspect, either cowardice or mere isolationism. It's a conviction that the current emphasis on the Far East is putting the whole world situation out of proportion and perspective.

IN OTTAWA'S VIEW, none of the threatened areas of the Far East are truly vital to the security of the free world. We could lose Formosa, we could lose Viet Nam and Laos and Cambodia, we could even lose the whole of Southeast Asia and not be thrown thereby into immediate mortal danger. But if we were to lose Western Germany, we'd be instantly in peril of our lives—the whole balance of power would be altered drastically against us. That's the Canadian appraisal.

It was partly in the hope of restoring this perspective that Canada insisted on the long, full, varied agenda of the recent meeting of the North Atlantic Council. L. B. Pearson said frankly that it wouldn't be worth his while to go overseas for a formal session to admit Germany. He asked, and got, a full discussion of the whole European situation, both political and military.

Some of Pearson's advisers have even wondered whether or not the Russians and the Chinese are deliberately keeping up tension in the Far East to preoccupy the Western allies while the Communists mend their fences in Europe. They note that the neutralization of Austria has had rather less attention than the disposal of a few worthless acres of sand and rock off the China coast—yet Russia's new deal with Austria has had tremendous impact in Germany, and will probably have more. There's a lively fear in Ottawa that unless the Western allies are careful they may make the mistake of Aesop's dog and drop the bone in grabbing at its shadow. ★

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UP FRONT in this magazine last issue an article reported that tourist authorities are concerned about the drop off in American summer visitors and are wondering desperately how to lure them back. We've got one tip for the publicity boys: don't try to threaten them, whatever you do. Down in P. E. I. the Charlottetown Centennial Committee concocted what it thought was a wonderful stunt to bring former residents back to the island this summer. It sent them summonses. Complete with legal jargon and gold seals this fictitious document charged long-absent old timers with failure to visit the said City of Charlottetown, and commanded them to appear before the mayor this summer and be further dealt with according to law. This hilarious jape backfired with one woman in Boston who took it seriously. She got so excited she telephoned the mayor long-distance to find out what was the idea and when she found it was all intended as a joke she got so mad she mailed the summons back to the Centennial chairman with a demand scribbled on the back that he pay the costs—two-fifty plus tax, for the phone call.

P.E.I. FERRY
—AND SMILE!

• • •

One American tourist who did venture over the border to explore the Canadian wilderness had his eyes opened about the way things have been modernized around here. He pulled up at a highway souvenir stand between Montreal and Quebec City where he was overheard protesting: "But these moccasins are not the sort I'm looking for. I want the real Indian kind."

"These are real Indian moccasins, sir," the clerk protested, "made by factory Indians."

• • •

There have been some great moments in television this season what with the Oppenheimer interview, the CBC's two-hour Hamlet and Milton Berle losing his sponsor. But our favorite program was provided by a late-hour cowboy movie and a bored sound-effects man on CBLT Toronto. Yawning viewers scarcely noticed when a lone rider came down the gulch amid the tumult of a full cavalry charge, but they sat up when a villain lying in ambush drew his six shooter and dropped the rider in his tracks with a long burst of machine-gun fire. By the time the drama moved to its inevitable climax—the shoot up and slam bang in the saloon—the cannons' roar from the 1812 Overture was making the bottles of red eye dance on the bar and an enthusiastic public was phoning in requests for livelier and louder sound effects. Screaming jets were seen diving on the panting good guys and bad guys, intent on their barroom brawl, followed by the crump of high explosives and a final crash one viewer swore must have been at least an A bomb. Everybody present said it was the best time they'd ever had except for one lone CBC executive whose nieces had kept him awake long enough to catch the show. There was the devil to pay on Jarvis Street next morning you may be sure, but not wanting any more labor troubles the CBC brass hurled only one dreadful threat at the hapless sound man. "Any more funny stuff like that," was the verdict, "and you go back to radio!"

• • •

There's a woman in Hamilton, Ont., who finally realized the television era had arrived when she asked a visiting, near-five year old niece what the kitchen clock said. The youngster couldn't tell time yet but she did know her numbers for she immediately reported: "The big hand is at channel 2 and the little one's at channel 9."

• • •

If you think you can keep up with the younger generation just take a deep breath and read the following

note from one Victoria schoolboy to another

Dear Tommy
This is just a note asking you to send the box with the stamps you have and the ones you don't after you've sorted them out. When they get here, I'll sort the ones out you don't have and if I don't have some of them, I'll take them and send the other ones back that you don't have.
Your friend, Andy

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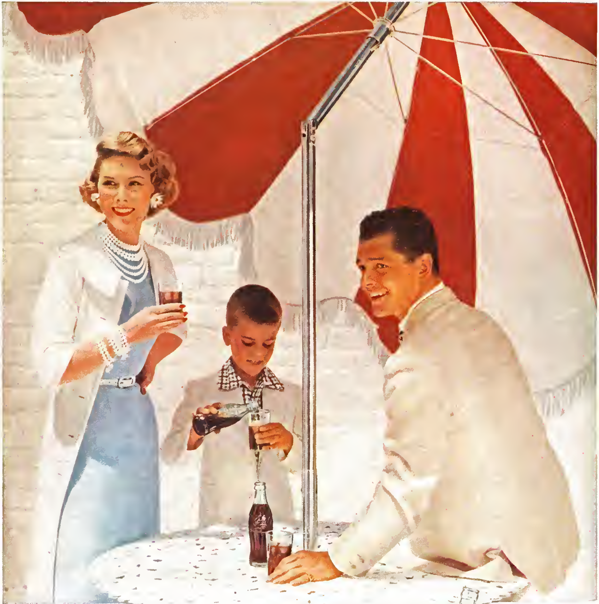

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